

THE TRUMPET OF REFORM

FOR
THE GRANGE, THE CLUB
AND ALL
INDUSTRIAL ASSOCIATIONS.

CINCINNATI,
JOHN CHURCH & CO

CHICAGO,
GEO. F. ROOT & SONS.



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THE

TRUMPET OF REFORM.

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A COLLECTION OF

SONGS, HYMNS, CHANTS AND SET PIECES

FOR

THE GRANGE, THE CLUB

AND ALL

INDUSTRIAL & REFORM ORGANIZATIONS.

BY

GEORGE F. ROOT,

Assisted in the preparation of the words by

MRS. S. M. SMITH.

CINCINNATI:
JOHN CHURCH & Co.

CHICAGO:
GEO. F. ROOT & SONS.

PREFACE.

THIS volume has been prepared, at the urgent request of many members of Farmers' organizations, to supply a long-felt want for a larger and more varied collection of songs than the one now in use in the Grange. While this is not intended to supersede or take the place of that one in the ceremonial work of the Order, it is designed for *general* use in both Grange and Club.

A large portion of both the words and music has been prepared especially for Mass-meetings, Picnics, Sociables, and Celebrations, and is also well adapted to the meetings of other Industrial and Reform organizations, while many pieces in it will be found appropriate for the entertainment of the family circle.

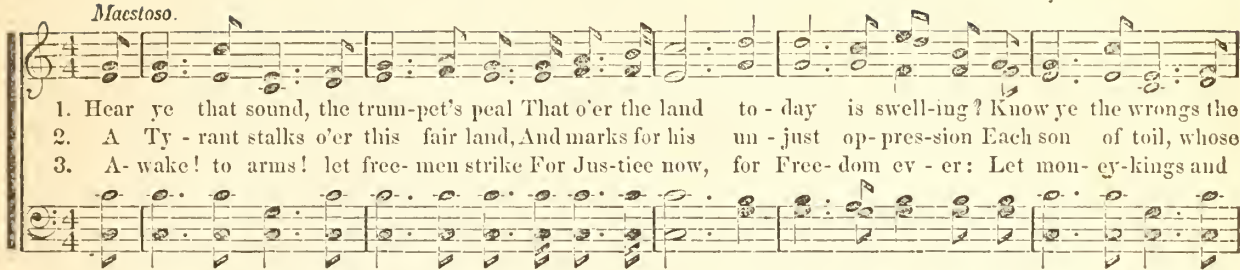
From the fact that all true Reforms have agreeing and connecting motives, many appropriate songs will answer well for quite different occasions. These are distributed throughout the book; but there are "clusters" that have rather special application, as follows:—OPENING PIECES, from p. 111 to p. 114, (also, among the pieces from 152 to 164,) CLOSING PIECES, from 164 to 167. TEMPERANCE, from 115 to 128, (also, 158 and 159.) PATRIOTIC, from 129 to 132, (also, 158 and 161.) THANKSGIVING, 160 to 164, (also, 131.) FUNERAL, 158, 164, and 165.

For New Year, 151. For Anniversaries, 158, and many others that can easily be found.

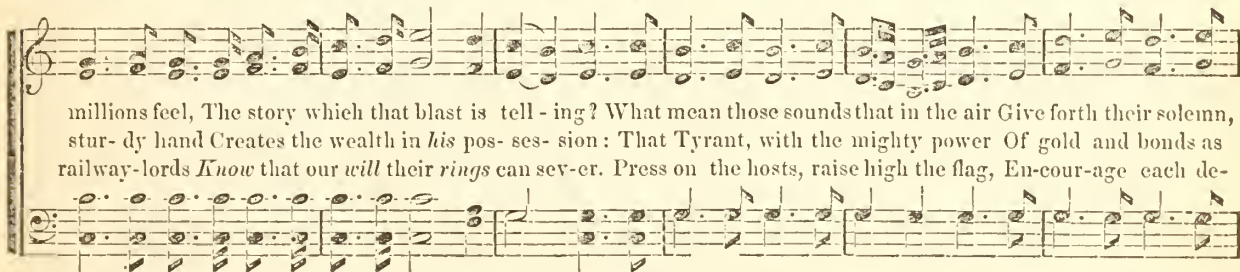
S. M. S.
G. F. R.

THE TRUMPET'S PEAL.

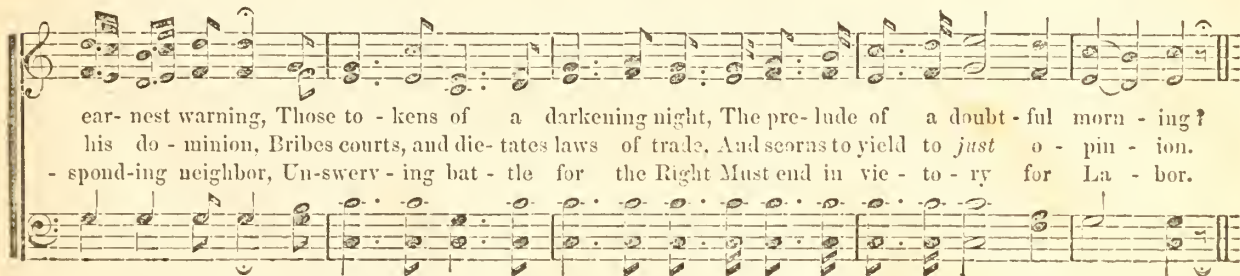
Words by A. H. GAGE.

Maestoso.


1. Hear ye that sound, the trum-pet's peal That o'er the land to - day is swell-ing? Know ye the wrongs the
 2. A Ty - rant stalks o'er this fair land, And marks for his un - just op-pres-sion Each son of toil, whose
 3. A - wake! to arms! let free-men strike For Jus-tice now, for Free-dom ev - er: Let mon-ey-kings and



millions feel, The story which that blast is tell - ing? What mean those sounds that in the air Give forth their solemn,
 stur - dy hand Creates the wealth in his pos - ses - sion: That Tyrant, with the mighty power Of gold and bonds as
 railway-lords *Know* that our *will* their *rings* can sev - er. Press on the hosts, raise high the flag, En - cour - age each de -

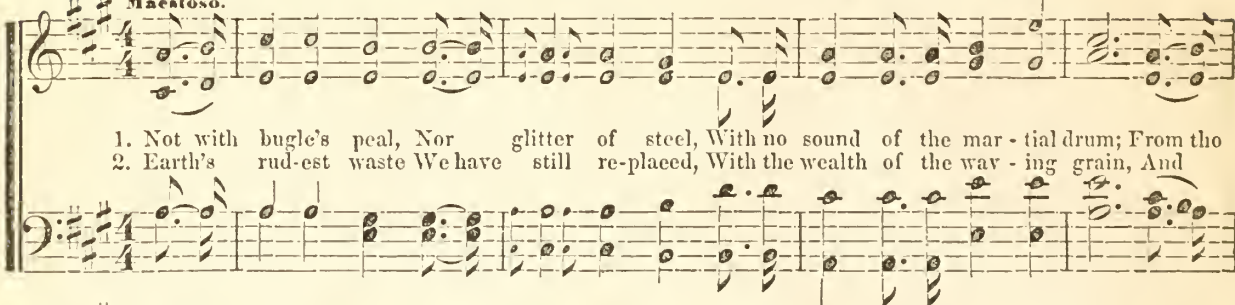


ear - nest warning, Those to - kens of a darkening night, The pre-lude of a doubt - ful morn - ing?
 his do - minion, Bribes courts, and die - tates laws of trade, And scorns to yield to just o - pin - ion.
 - spond-ing neighbor, Un-swerv - ing bat - tle for the Right Must end in vic - to - ry for La - bor.

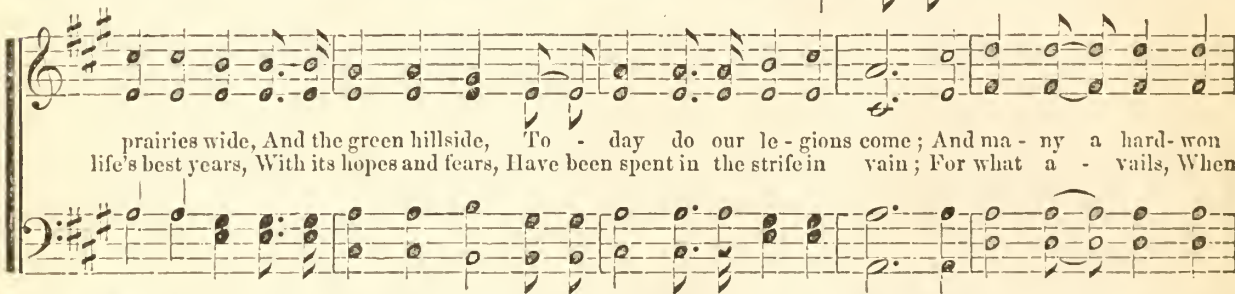
HEAR! HEAR THE SHOUT.

Published in sheet form, with prelude and accomp., by GEO. F. ROOT & SONS, 109 State St., Chicago.

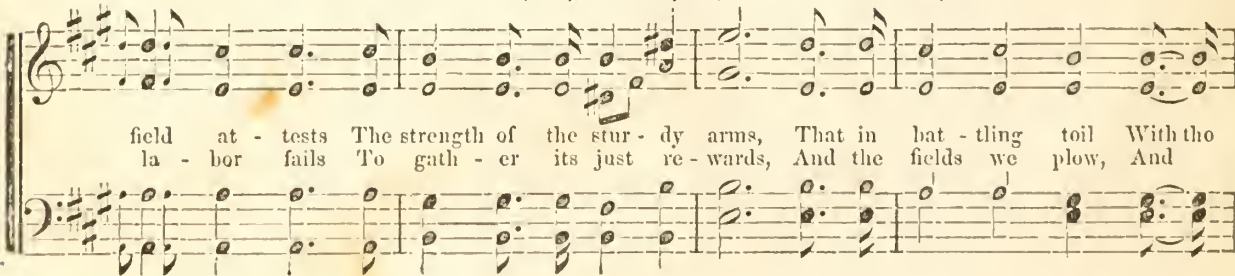
Macioso.



1. Not with bugle's peal, Nor glitter of steel, With no sound of the mar-tial drum; From the
2. Earth's rud-est waste We have still re-placed, With the wealth of the wav-ing grain, And



prairies wide, And the green hillside, To-day do our le-gions come; And ma-ny a hard-won
life's best years, With its hopes and fears, Have been spent in the strife in vain; For what a-vails, When



field at-tests The strength of the stur-dy arms, That in bat-tling toil With the
la-bor fails To gath-er its just re-wards, And the fields we plow, And

CHORUS.

stubborn soil, Have wrested these smiling farms. Hear! hear the shout That to-day rings out From a
plant and sow, Are reaped by our rail-way lords? Hear! hear the shout That to-day rings out From a

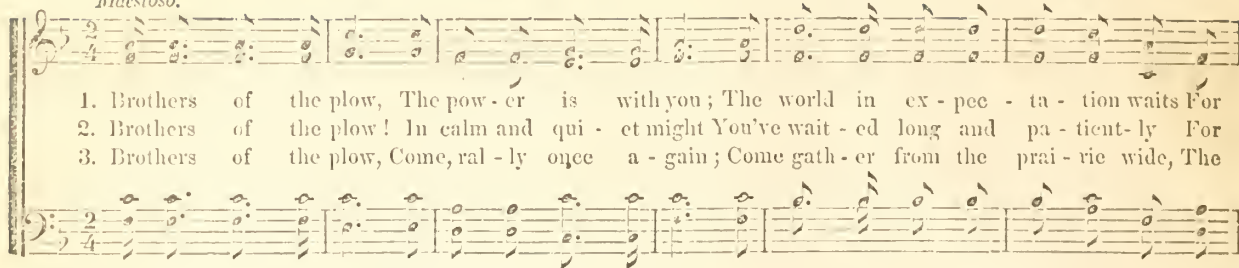
mil-lion voi - ces clear; Let the would-be kings, And cor-ruption rings, Fate's voice in the people hear.

3 Like the spiritless slave, we toil and save,
To give to their grasping hands
The fairest yield of our flock and field—
Aye, give in the end our lands;
Oh! son of the soil, bronzed soldier of toil,
For this did you brave the past,
In the blood-bought home, when peace had come,
That the stranger might dwell at last?
CHO.—Hear! hear the shout.

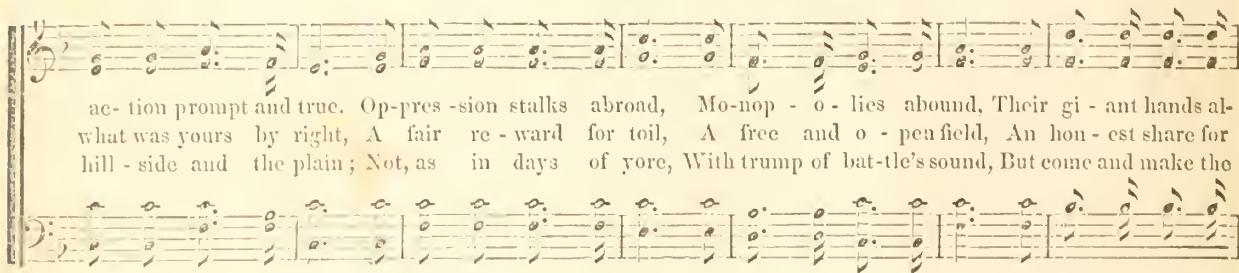
4 Lo! hand in hand, over all the land,
Again do our armies grow;
And the arm that could smite for the slave's birth-right
May yet deal for its own a blow;
Thrice armed they come, without beat of drum,
Or herald of war-like notes,
With the tongue and pen of un-bought men,
And freemen's unbought votes.
CHO.—Hear! hear the shout.

THE HAND THAT HOLDS THE BREAD.

Words and Music by G. F. R.

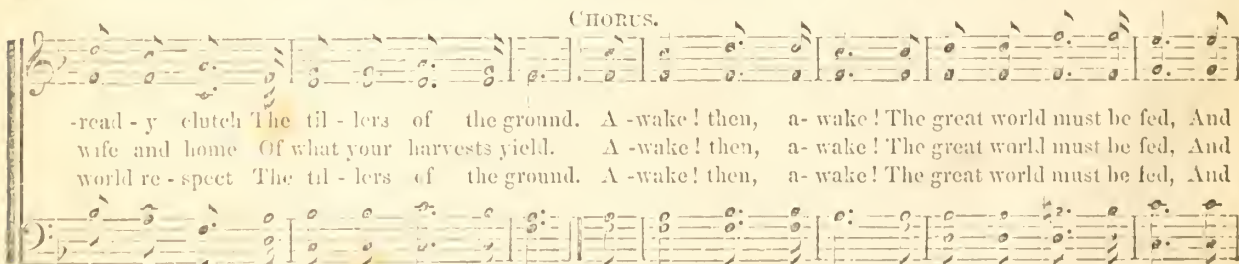
Maestoso.


1. Brothers of the plow, The pow-er is with you; The world in ex-pec-ta-tion waits For
 2. Brothers of the plow! In calm and qui-et might You've wait-ed long and pa-tient-ly For
 3. Brothers of the plow, Come, ral-ly once a-gain; Come gath-er from the prai-rie wide, The



ac-tion prompt and true. Op-pres-sion stalks abroad, Mo-nop-o-lies abound, Their gi-ant hands al-
 what was yours by right, A fair re-ward for toil, A free and o-pen field, An hon-est share for
 hill-side and the plain; Not, as in days of yore, With trump of bat-tle's sound, But come and make the

(CHORUS.)



-read-y clutch The til-lers of the ground. A-wake! then, a-wake! The great world must be fed, And
 wife and home Of what your harvests yield. A-wake! then, a-wake! The great world must be fed, And
 world re-spect The til-lers of the ground. A-wake! then, a-wake! The great world must be fed, And

THE HAND THAT HOLDS THE BREAD. Concluded.

7

Heav - en gives the pow - er To the hand that holds the bread; Yes! brothers of the plow, The

This musical system consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff contains a vocal melody with lyrics underneath. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 3/4. The system concludes with a double bar line.

peo - ple must be fed, And Heav - en gives the pow - er To the HAND THAT HOLDS THE BREAD.

This musical system continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. It also concludes with a double bar line.

JOYFUL AND FREE.

G. F. R.

Con spirito.

Joy-ful and free! Joy-ful and free! Friends of the good cause forev-er should be, Forevermore should be.
 Joined heart and hand! Joined heart and hand! Friends of the good cause forever should stand, Forevermore should stand.

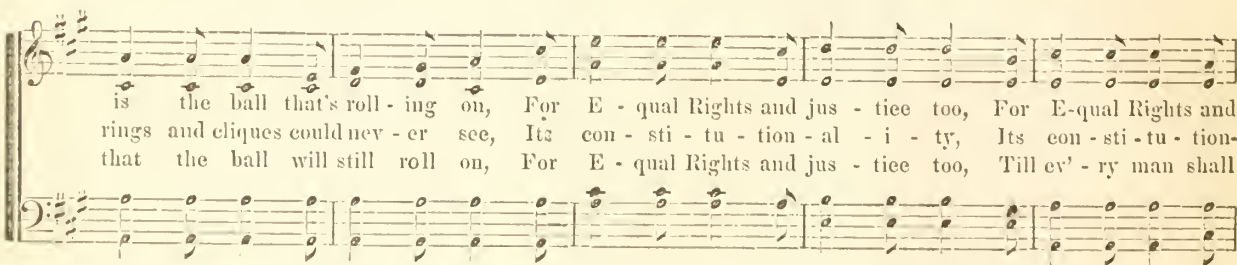
This musical system is for the song 'JOYFUL AND FREE.' It begins with the instruction 'Con spirito.' and features a treble staff with a vocal melody. The lyrics are written below the staff. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 3/4. The system concludes with a double bar line.

WHAT'S THE CAUSE OF THIS COMMOTION?

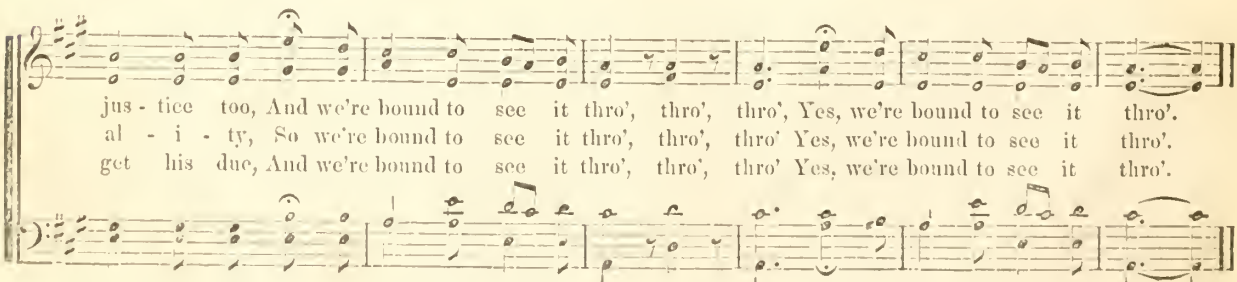
New Arrangement.

Allegretto.


1. Oh, what's the cause of this com - mo - tion, mo - tion, mo - tion, The country through? It
 2. We've come to think a fair di - vi - sion, vis - ion, vis - ion, Is what should be, But
 3. They've just waked up to find us stir - ring, stir - ring, stir - ring, The country through? And



is the ball that's roll - ing on, For E - qual Rights and jus - tice too, For E - qual Rights and
 rings and cliques could nev - er see, Its con - sti - tu - tion - al - i - ty, Its con - sti - tu - tion -
 that the ball will still roll on, For E - equal Rights and jus - tice too, Till ev' - ry man shall



jus - tice too, And we're bound to see it thro', thro', thro', Yes, we're bound to see it thro'.
 al - i - ty, So we're bound to see it thro', thro', thro' Yes, we're bound to see it thro'.
 get his due, And we're bound to see it thro', thro', thro' Yes, we're bound to see it thro'.

Con spirito.

1. Dare to be right! Dare to be true! Oh, you have a work that no oth - er can do;
2. Dare to be right! Dare to be true! The fail - ings of oth - ers can nev - er save you;

The first system of music is in 6/8 time, featuring a treble and bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The key signature has one flat (B-flat).

Do it so brave - ly, so kind - ly, so well, An - gels will hast - en the sto - ry to tell.
Stand by your conscience, your hon - or, your faith, Stand like a he - ro and bat - tle till death.

The second system of music continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. It includes the same two vocal parts and the piano accompaniment.

CHORUS.**Repeat Chorus pp.**

Dare to be right, Dare to be true, You have a work that no oth - er can do.

The chorus is marked with a repeat sign and a piano (pp) dynamic. It consists of a single line of music for the vocal parts, with the piano accompaniment continuing from the previous system.

SOLO OR SEMI-CHORUS.

1. Sparkling and bright In the spring's soft light, And the autumn's mellow weather, Lieth firm and field, But the fruits they yield Are
 2. With patience long We have borne our wrong, And bent to the yoke that galled us, I have come and gone As the years rolled on, At the

CHORUS.

not for the hands that gath - er. Now, broth - ers all, Tho' we rise or fall, En - dure our ills or
 beck of the hand that called us. Now, broth - ers all, Tho' we rise or fall, Eu - dure our ills or

mend them, There is noth - ing will tell For our rights so well, As the cour - age that dares de - fend them.

- 3 We may plead for the right
 Till our heads grow white,
 And our hearts are sick with waiting,
 But the stern demand,
 And the good right hand,
 Are worth whole years of prating.—Chor.
 4 Our pleadings fall,
 Like a thrice-told tale,
 Or the idle wind in the grasses,

- But the forest tall
 Shall bend and fall,
 When the storm of our anger passes.—Chor.
 5 Then up and on,
 Till the goal be won,
 And the load of the toiler lightened,
 Till his brow erect,
 Shall the smiles reflect,
 Of the fields his hands have brightened

YANKEE DOODLE GRANGER.

Words from Janesville, (Wis.) "Gazette." 11

Lively.



1. A - cross the fields whose mighty yields Have fed the hungry nations, Are coming cries and sharp replies, And
2. We'll catch at last, and bind them fast, These soulless corporations; Nor let them break the bonds we make, To



threatening ex - ela - ma - tions. Yan - kee Doo - dle soon will free The farm - ers from their dan - ger; No
suit their in - eli - na - tions. Yan - kee Doo - dle meets the foe That keeps the State in dan - ger; He



dan - dy he, as all can see, But Yankee Doodle Granger.
strikes the blow that lays him low As Yankee Doodle Granger.



- 3 The farmers feel the iron heel
The middle-men are wearing,
And will not stand, in this fair land,
The burden we are bearing.
Yankee Doodle takes a hand,
When freedom stands in danger;
He draws his brand and saves the land,
As Yankee Doodle Granger.
- 4 We now proclaim, in labor's name,
To all these grasping strangers,
That in our might we'll take what's right
And due to Patron Grangers.
Yankee Doodle firmly stands
A foe to every danger;
For he commands our Patron bands
As Yankee Doodle Granger.

UPWARD AND ONWARD.

Words by JOHN H. BRYANT.

Let the D. C. be the first four lines each time, as a chorus to end with.

1. Up-ward, on-ward, are our watchwords, Tho' the winds blow good or ill, Tho' the skies be calm or stormy,
 2. Waking ev' - ry morn to du - ty, Ere the day-light fades a - way, Let some deed for human pro-gress,
 3. Lo, a bet - ter day is dawning, Brighter prospects ope be - fore; Spread your banner to the breez - es,

FINE.

These shall be our watchwords still. Up - ward, on - ward, in the bat - tle Waged for lib - er -
 Bless the la - bors of the day. Up - ward, on - ward, pressing for - ward, Till mo - nop - o -
 Up - ward, on - ward ev - er - more. Up - ward, on - ward, in the bat - tle Waged for lib - er -

ty and right, Nev - er rest - ing, nev - er wea - ry, Till a vic - t'ry crowns the fight.
 lies shall fall, Till the flag that floats a - bove us, E - qual rights pro - claims to all.
 ty and right, Nev - er rest - ing, nev - er wea - ry, Till a vic - t'ry crowns the fight.

D.C.

KEEP ON TRYING.

13

Earnestly.

G. F. R.

1. Have your ef - forts prov'd in vain? Still keep on try - ing! Do not sink to earth a - gain,
2. Fal - ter not, but up - ward rise, Still keep on try - ing! Put forth all your en - er - gies, —
3. Pond'rous bar - riers you may meet, Still keep on try - ing! But a - gainst them brave - ly beat,

Still keep on try - ing! They who yield can nothing do, A feather's weight will break them thro', But
 Still keep on try - ing! Ev - 'ry step that you progress Will make your fu - ture so much less, For
 Still keep on try - ing! Nought should drive you from the track, Nor turn you from your pur - pose back, For

on the help of God re - ly - ing, You will con - quer if you keep on try - ing.

BEAUTIFUL SPRING.

Arranged from "Graded Singers," No. 2.

Allegretto.

1. The win - ter is o - ver, good-bye to the snow ; The grass in the field is be - gin - ning to
 2. It seemed as if life had from earth passed a - way, So still in her cold win - ter man - tle she
 3. The sweet breath of vi - o - lets comes on the breeze ! How bu - sy the birds seem a - mong the tall

grow ; Now skimming the meadows the swallow is seen, How soft on the trees is the first tinge of
 lay ; Ah, no, she was sleep - ing, and now fresh and bright, Her buds and her blossoms un - fold to the
 trees ; Yes, win - ter is o - ver, I hear them all sing, We'll join in the cho - rns and greet thee, oh,

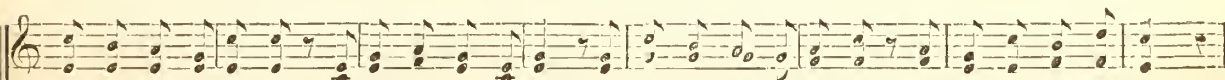
green. Oh spring, sweet spring, The farmer's de - light is the beau - ti - ful spring.
 light. Oh beau - ti - ful spring, oh beau - ti - ful spring, The farmer's de - light is the beau - ti - ful spring.
 spring. Oh beau - ti - ful spring, oh beau - ti - ful spring, The farmer's de - light is the beau - ti - ful spring.

WHAT'S THE MATTER, JAMUS? Words by Mrs. CORNIE LAWS ST. JOHN. 15

Moderato.



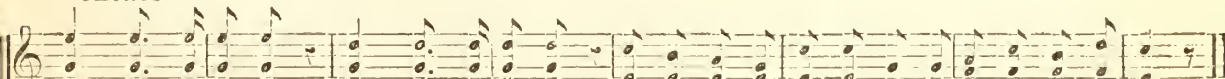
1. "Now what's the matter, Ja - mus? A cloud is on your brow," Said Su - sie to the farm-er, As she milked the brindle cow. "The
2. "I'll tell you what's the matter, Now lis - ten, Su - sie dear, An - oth - er railroad's coming, They say sometime this year, From
3. Our farm is crossed with railroads, Where busy engines fume, And looks like your check-apron, To the man up in the moon. For a
4. If when our crops are gathered, And wheat is rated high, We ship it to the market, It full six weeks will lie, Switched
5. The railroads pass'd the platter, And bid our spoons dip in, With 'I'm sure you're very welcome, But their porridge was *too thin*. With



broom-corn shakes its tassels, No smnt is on the rye, The crops are growing grandly, And harvest's coming nigh.
 God knows where to whither, But coming right this way, And we're taxed all to-ge-th-er, Yes, taxed to make it pay."
 "mess of pot-ash," Su - sie, We've sold the right of way, For the nearest stopping sta - tion, Is *six - teen miles a - way*.
 off at "Sev-en Corners," Till pri - ces bot - tom touch, And freights eat up our profits, And we're in the warehouse clutch.
 pledges for the bet - ter, That should be coming soon, And bidding all "good morning," The dish ran off with the spoon.



CHORUS.



Then what's the matter?	James! what's the matter!	What, oh what's the matter, When the harvest is so nigh."
That's what's the matter!	That's what's the matter!	Dont you see it, Su - sie? It is all as plain as day.
That's what's the matter!	That's what's the matter!	Yes, the nearest sta - tion, Will be sixteen miles a - way.
That's what's the matter!	That's what's the matter!	That is what's the matter! We are in the warehouse clutch!
That's what's the matter!	That's what's the matter!	That is what's the matter! It ran off with ev' - ry spoon.



By permission of S. Drinard's Sons, Cleveland.



1. We have toiled thro' snow and sleet, And the summer's fer-vent heat; But the har-vest of our hope has fled a-way,
2. In the bat-tle's front we stand, Of a strife that shakes the land; And our charg-ing lines shall sweep from shore to shore,
3. Firm of purpose, now we wait, For that day--and soon or late--It shall come to o-pen wide the i-ron band,



Till de-spair has filled our hearts, Spite of all that we could do, Tho' we tried to cheer the loved ones and be gay.
Till op-pression's ranks arrayed, Shall be beat-en back dismayed, And we'll shout the cry of vict-ry o'er and o'er.
And to loose the fet-ters all, That have held our lives in thrall, And set free the lat-est slave in freedom's land.

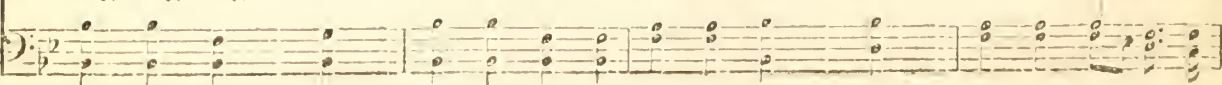


CHORUS.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, the Grange is march-ing, Cheer up, broth-ers, see, they come;



Tramp, tramp, tramp, the Grange is march-ing, Cheer up, broth-ers, see, they come; And be-



- neath the Flag of Right we shall breathe a nobler air, In the Free-land of our own beloved home.

THE YEAR OF JUBILEE.

Words by Mrs. CORNIE LAWS ST. JOHN.

Moderato.

1. { O'er the plains and valleys stealing, Songs are welling ev'ry where.
 { Near - er yet, and louder pealing, Burst in glory on the ear! Ju - bi - la - te!
 2. { Hearts in triumph now are swelling, Chains are falling ev'ry where,
 { And all lips the story telling, Fill each chamber of the air. Ju - bi - la - te!

Ju - bi - la - te! Ju - bi - la - te! A - men.

- 3 Cheerful hands the fields are gleaning,
 Jubilates fill the air!
 Reapers pause, their scythes o'erleaning,
 Lifting hearts in silent prayer. Jubilate! &c.
- 4 Natal day of liberation!
 Free at last as chainless sea!
 Crowning glory of our nation!
 Life and hope of yeomanry! Jubilate! &c.

SOLO OR SEMI-CHORUS.

1. Come list to me a min - ute, A song, I'm going to sing it, There's something se - ri - ous in it, 'Tis
 2. Snail - like your cause is creep - ing, It hin - ders you from sleep - ing, At - tor - neys on - ly reap - ing, For
 3. Oh, mis - ry, toil and troa - ble, Make up the hub - ble - bub - ble, And leave you naught but stub - b'le, Or
 4. In a rot - ten stick your trust is, You find the bub - ble burst is, And tho' you don't get jus - tice, You're
 5. So if life's all sugar and hon - ey, And fortune has always been sun - ny, And you want to get rid of your mon - ey, Why

CHORUS.

all a - bout the law, 'Tis all a - bout the law, Which has such a high old claw. If you're fond of pure vex -
 still your cash they draw, D R A double U draw, Is the mainspring of the law. If you're fond of pure vex -
 only a man of straw, S T R A double U straw, Di - vides the wheat from straw. If you're fond of pure vex -
 sure to get plenty of law, And L A double U law, Leaves you not worth a straw. If you're fond of pure vex -
 then just go to law, And L A double U law, Will like a blis - ter draw. If you're fond of pure vex -

-a - tion, And sweet pro - eras - ti - na - tion, You are just in a sit - u - a - tion To en - joy a suit at law.

Recitativo.



- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1. Mary, let's kill the fatted calf and celebrate the day,
 2. Don't all the Yankees celebrate the fourth day of Ju-ly?
 3. I've riz up many mornin's an hour before the sun,
 4. And, Mary, you have done your part in rowin' to the shore;</p> | <p>For the last dreadful mortgage on the farm is wiped a - way.
 Because 'twas then that freedom's sun lit up our na - tion's sky.
 And night has overtaken me before my work was done.
 By takin' eggs and butter to the little vil - lage store;</p> |
|---|--|



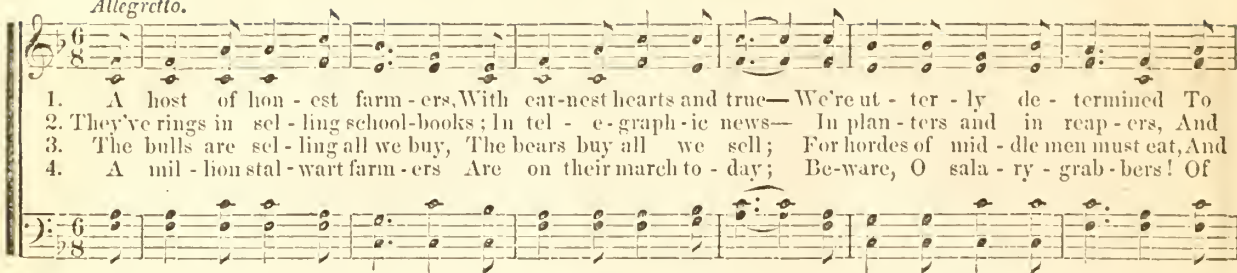
I've got the papers with me, they are right as right can be—Let's laugh and sing to - geth - er, for the dear old farm is free.
 Why shouldn't we, then, celebrate, and this day ne'er forget? Where is there a - ny freedom now like be - ing out of debt?
 When weary with my labor 'twas this tho't nerved my arm—Each day of toil will help to pay the mortgage on the farm.
 You did not spend the money in dressing up for show, But sang from morn to even-ing in your fa - ded cal - i - co.



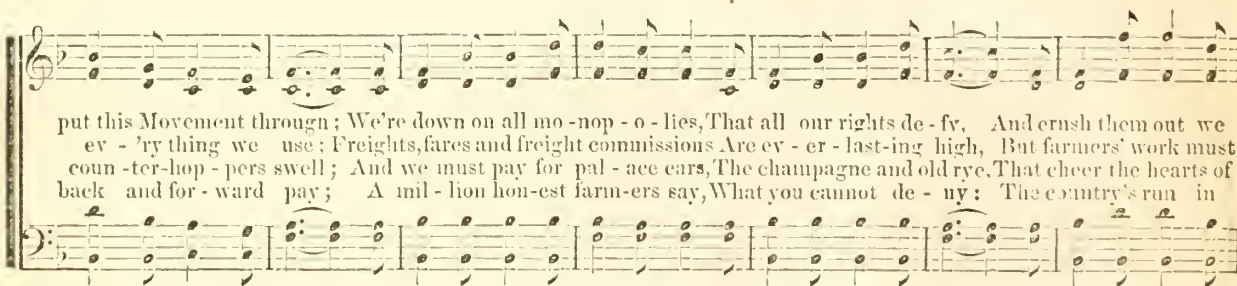
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| <p>5 And Bessie, our sweet daughter—God bless her little heart,
 The lad that gets her for a wife, must be, by natur', smart—
 She's gone wibout piano, her lonely hours to charm;
 To have a hand in payin' off the mortgage on the farm.</p> <p>6 I'll build a little cottage soon to make your heart re - joice;
 I'll buy a good piano to go with Bessie's voice;
 You shall not make your butter with that old used up concern,
 I'll go this very day and buy the finest patent churn.</p> | <p>7 Lay by your faded calico and go with me to town,
 And get yourself and Bessie a new and shinning gown;
 Low prices for our produce need not give us now alarm,
 Spruce up a little, Mary, there's no mortgage on the farm.</p> <p>8 While our hearts are now so joyful, let us, Mary, not for - get
 To thank the God of Heaven for being out of debt;
 For He gave rain and sunshine and strength in - to my arm,
 And lengthened out our days to see no mortgage on the farm.</p> |
|--|--|

THIS IS THE REASON WHY.

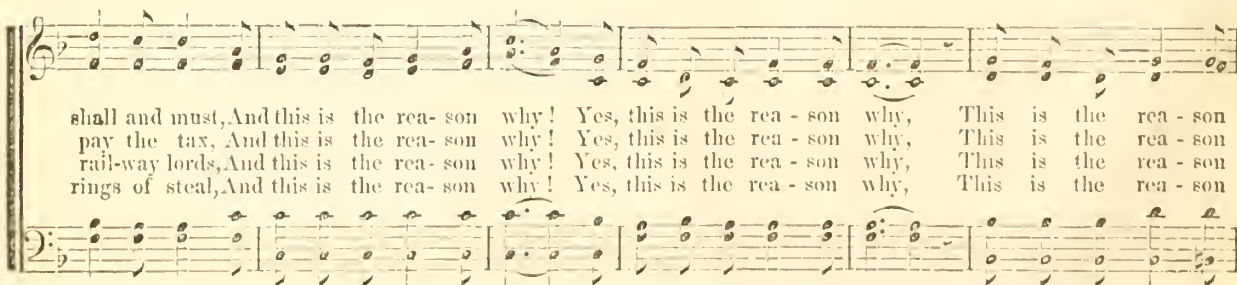
Words from the Industrial Age.

Allegretto.


1. A host of hon - est farm - ers, With ear - nest hearts and true — We're ut - ter - ly de - termined To
 2. They've rings in sel - ling school-books ; In tel - e - graph - ic news — In plan - ters and in reap - ers, And
 3. The bulls are sel - ling all we buy, The bears buy all we sell ; For hordes of mid - dle men must eat, And
 4. A mil - lion stal - wart farm - ers Are on their march to - day ; Be - ware, O sala - ry - grab - bers ! Of



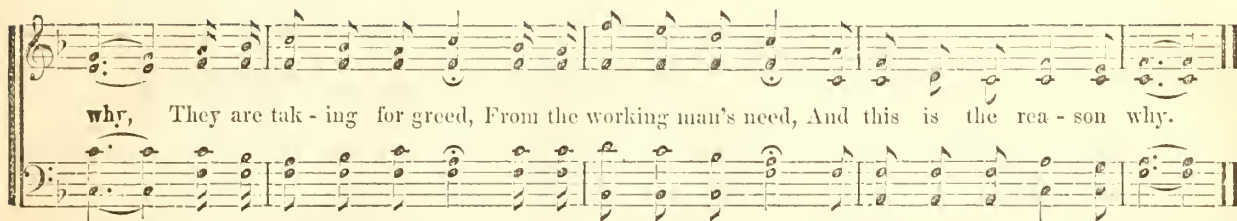
put this Movement through ; We're down on all mo - nop - o - lies, That all our rights de - fy, And crush them out we
 ev - 'ry thing we use ; Freights, fares and freight commissions Are ev - er - last - ing high, But farmers' work must
 coun - ter - hop - pers swell ; And we must pay for pal - ace cars, The champagne and old rye, That cheer the hearts of
 back and for - ward pay ; A mil - lion hon - est farm - ers say, What you cannot de - ny : The country's run in



shall and must, And this is the rea - son why ! Yes, this is the rea - son why, This is the rea - son
 pay the tax, And this is the rea - son why ! Yes, this is the rea - son why, This is the rea - son
 rail - way lords, And this is the rea - son why ! Yes, this is the rea - son why, This is the rea - son
 rings of steal, And this is the rea - son why ! Yes, this is the rea - son why, This is the rea - son

THIS IS THE REASON WHY.

21

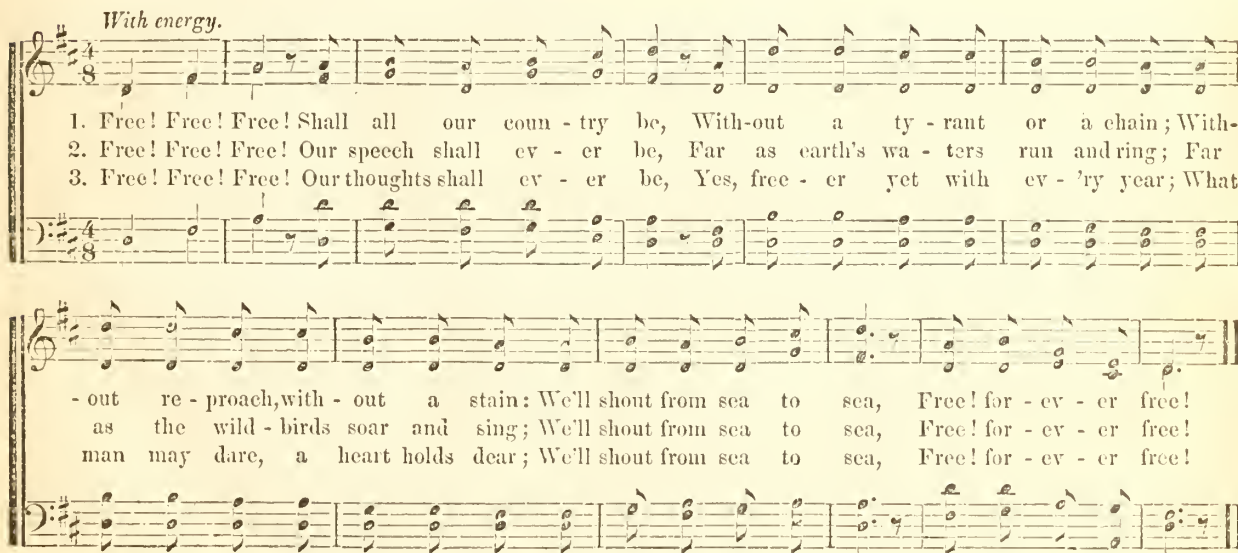


why, They are tak - ing for greed, From the working man's need, And this is the rea - son why.

FREE! FREE! FREE!

G. F. R.

With energy.

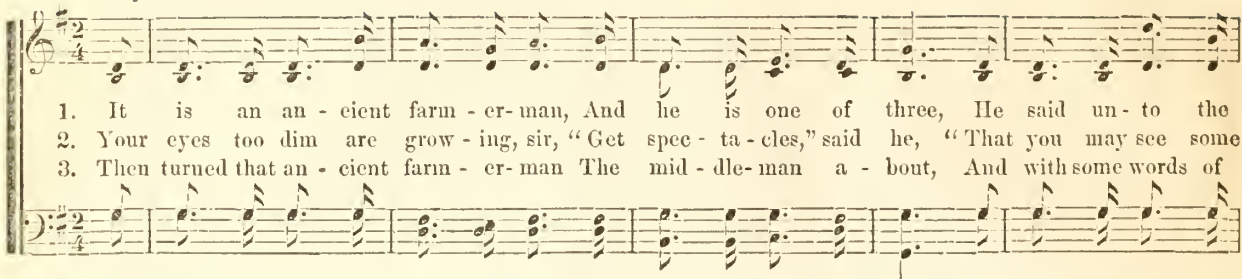


1. Free! Free! Free! Shall all our coun - try be, With - out a ty - rant or a chain; With -
 2. Free! Free! Free! Our speech shall ev - er be, Far as earth's wa - ters run and ring; Far
 3. Free! Free! Free! Our thoughts shall ev - er be, Yes, free - er yet with ev - 'ry year; What

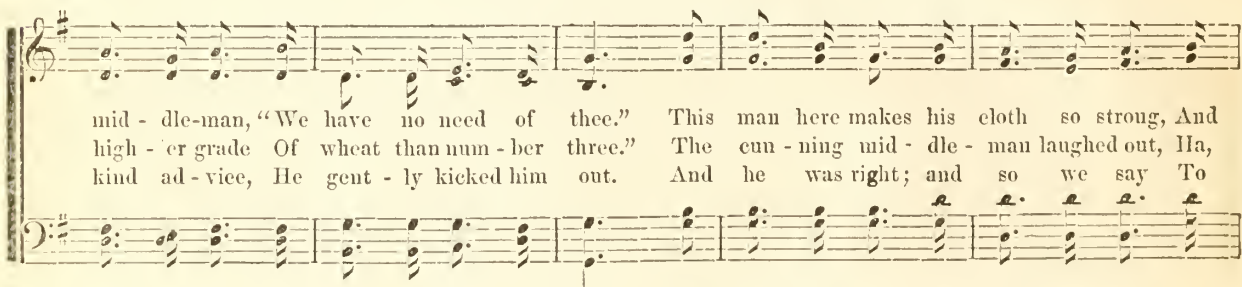
- out re - proach, with - out a stain: We'll shout from sea to sea, Free! for - ev - er free!
 as the wild - birds soar and sing; We'll shout from sea to sea, Free! for - ev - er free!
 man may dare, a heart holds dear; We'll shout from sea to sea, Free! for - ev - er free!

THE MIDDLE-MAN.

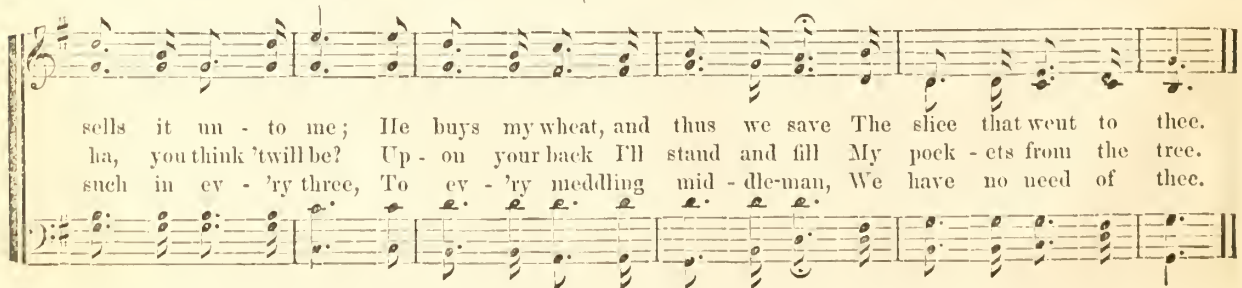
ANON.

Not too fast.


1. It is an an - cient farm - er - man, And he is one of three, He said un - to the
 2. Your eyes too dim are grow - ing, sir, "Get spee - ta - cles," said he, "That you may see some
 3. Then turned that an - cient farm - er - man The mid - dle - man a - bout, And with some words of



mid - dle - man, "We have no need of thee." This man here makes his cloth so strong, And
 high - er grade Of wheat than num - ber three." The eun - ning mid - dle - man laughed out, Ha,
 kind ad - vice, He gent - ly kicked him out. And he was right; and so we say To



sells it un - to me; He buys my wheat, and thus we save The slice that went to thee.
 ha, you think 'twill be? Up - on your back I'll stand and fill My pock - ets from the tree.
 such in ev - 'ry three, To ev - 'ry meddling mid - dle - man, We have no need of thee.


Words by VIOLA.


MIND! MIND! MIND!

Music by E. E. WHITEMORE.
From "Graded Singers," No. 2.


23

Vigoroso.

- 
1. Mind! mind! mind what you say, Let your ev - 'ry word be true, Sad - den not a neighbor's life
 2. Mind! mind! mind what you hear, Lis - ten not to foul re - port. To in - jus - tice, word or deed,
 3. Mind! mind! mind where you go, Keep your feet in paths of right, Tho' the thorns may grow a - round;



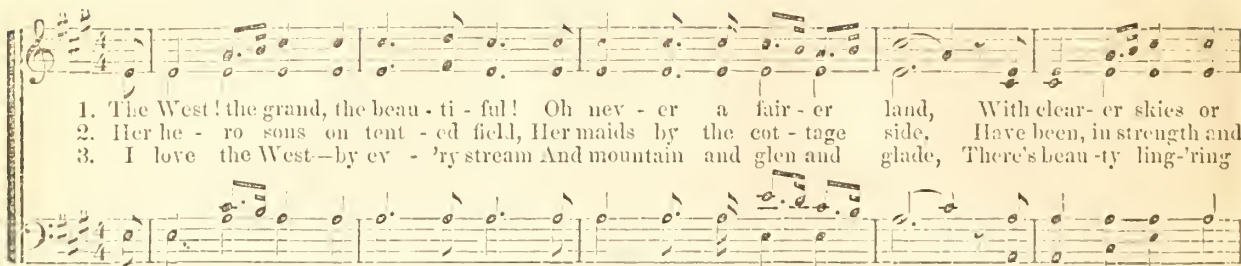
By a cru - el word from you; Of the has - ty words be - ware, They are dangerous—oft un - kind;
Bar and bar - ri - cade the fort; Let your stand - ard high be raised, In your heart, oh, may you find
On - ward press with all your might, Paths of sin are dark - er yet, Brightness there you can - not find;



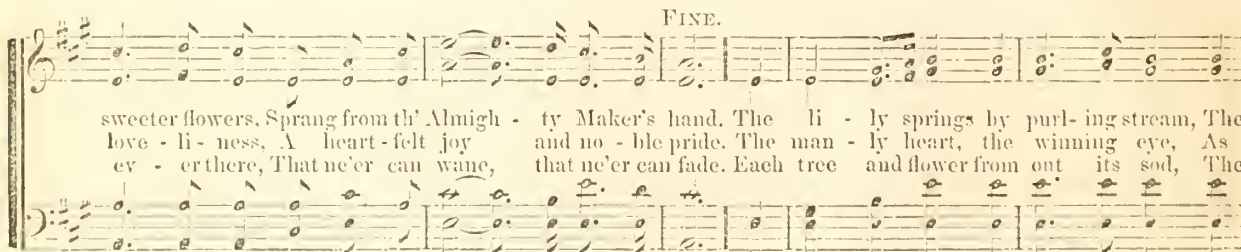
Would you have a hap - py lot, Mind what you say, mind! mind! mind!
Room for that's both true and pure, Mind what you hear, mind! mind! mind!
Joys are on - ly for the right, Mind where you go, mind! mind! mind!

A HOME IN THE WEST.

Words from the "Louisville Journal."

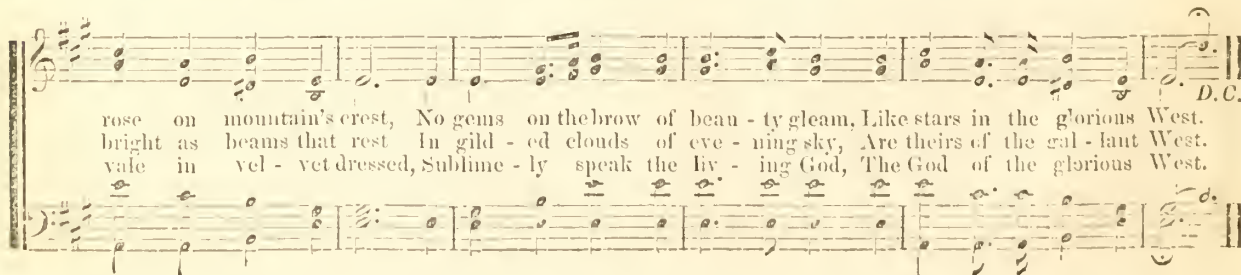
The first four lines are the Chorus and ending for each verse.


1. The West! the grand, the beau - ti - ful! Oh nev - er a fair - er land, With clear - er skies or
 2. Her he - ro sons on tent - ed field, Her maids by the cot - tage side, Have been, in strength and
 3. I love the West - by ev - 'ry stream And mountain and glen and glade, There's beau - ty ling - ring



FINE.

sweeter flowers. Sprang from th' Almight - ty Maker's hand. The li - ly springs by purl - ing stream, The
 love - li - ness, A heart - felt joy and no - ble pride. The man - ly heart, the winning eye, As
 ev - er there, That ne'er can wane, that ne'er can fade. Each tree and flower from out its sod, Tho



rose on mountain's crest, No gems on the brow of beau - ty gleam, Like stars in the glorious West.
 bright as beams that rest In gild - ed clouds of eve - ning sky, Are theirs of the gal - laut West.
 vale in vel - vet dressed, Sublime - ly speak the liv - ing God, The God of the glorious West.

D.C.

HOE OUT YOUR ROW.

25

Words from "Graded Singers," No. 2.

G. F. R.

Moderato.

1. One snl - try day a farmer's boy Was hoe - ing in the field of corn, And anx - ious - ly had
 2. Al - though a hard one was the row, And he was on - ly there on hire, And tho' the lad had
 3. The lad the text remembered long, And oft - en proved the mor - al well, That per - se - ver - ance

wait - ed long To hear the wel - come din - ner horn: The wel - come eall was heard at last, And
 work'd since dawn, And now be - gi - ning well to tire— "I ean," said he, and man - ful - ly He
 to the end At last will al - ways no - bly tell; Take cour - age then, re - solve you can, And

down he quickly dropped his hoe,— The farm - er shout - ed in his ear, "Hoe out your row, hoe out your row."
 seized a - gain his fal - len hoe; The good man, pleas'd, now smil'd to see The farmer's boy hoe out his row.
 strike an earnest, vigorous blow; In life's great field of va - ried toil Hoe out your row, hoe out your row.

Firmly.

1. When you see a fel - low mor - tal, With - out fixed and fear - less views, Hanging
 2. When you see a the - o - lo - gian Hug - ging close some ug - ly creed, Fearing

on the skirts of oth - ers, Walk - ing in their cast-off shoes, Bowing low to wealth or fa - vor, With ab -
 to re - ject or ques - tion Dog - mas which his priest may read, Holding back all no - ble feel - ing, Choking

ject, un - cov - ered head, Read - y to retract or wa - ver, Wil - ling to be drove or led;
 down each man - ly view, Car - ing more for forms and symbols. Than to know the Good and True;

CHORUS.

Walk your - self with firm - er bear - ing, Throw your mor - al shoulders back, Show your

spine has nerve and marrow, Just the thing which his must lack.

3 When you see a politician
Crawling through contracted holes,
Begging for some fat position
In the ring or at the polls,
With no sterling manhood in him,
Nothing stable, broad or sound,
Destitute of pluck or ballast,
Double-sided all around; CHORUS.

THE DEAR ONES AT HOME.

G. F. R.

Moderato.

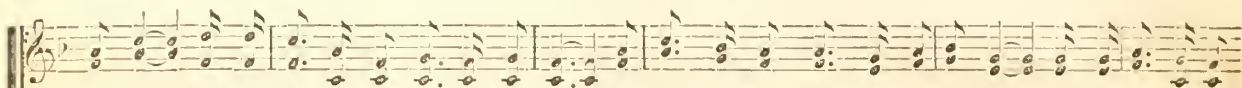
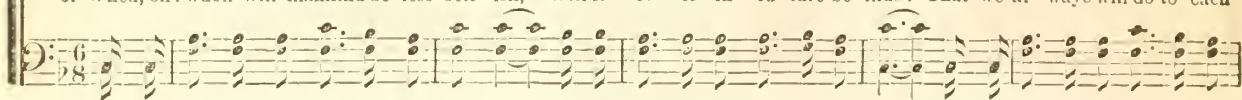
1. The dear ones, the dear ones around the so - cial hearth, We'll never forget their songs of mirth, Their songs of artless mirth.
2. The dear ones, the dear ones so ten - der and so true, They're ever in mem'ry's brightest view, In mem'ry's brightest view.
3. The dear ones, the dear ones Wherev - er we may roam, We'll never forget the ones at home, The loving ones at home.

KICK HIM WHEN HE'S DOWN.

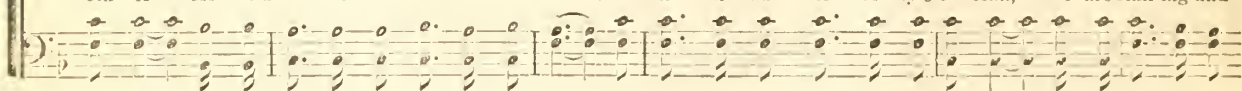
Words from Pacific Glee Book.

Allegretto.

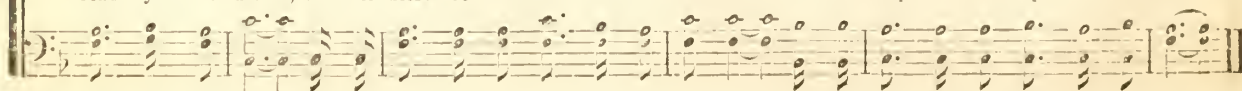
1. When the sun of pros-per-i-ty's shin-ing, And a man's growing rich-er each day, When in ease and contentment re-
 2. Let a man get po-si-tion or rich-es, Matters not if by intrigue or fraud, See! the world nods approvingly
 3. When, oh! when will mankind be less self-ish, Will it ev-er in fa-ture be thus? That we al-ways will do to each



-clin-ing, And a gold-en suc-cess crowns his way, How friends will then flock round a-bout him! But if fortune should
 at him, And his acts it will loud-ly ap-plaud. What tho' he may be a great vil-lain! With the sim-ple, the
 oth-er As we'd wish them to do un-to us. And if in "ad-ver-si-ty's o-cean," We are sink-ing and



hap-pen to frown, O how quick-ly he'll get the cold shoulder, And be kicked just be-cause he is down.
 wice and the clown, While he's up he's a tip-top good fel-low, But they'll kick him if ev-er he's down.
 read-y to drown, Ev-er blest be the friend whose de-vo-tion Loves to help a man up when he's down.



A SWARM OF BEES.

29

Moderato.

ANON.

1. B pa-tient, B prayerful, B hum-ble, B mild, B wise as a So-lon, B
 2. B cheer-ful, B grate-ful, B hope-ful, B firm, B peace-ful, B nev-o-lent,
 3. B courteous, B gen-tle, B lib-'ral, B just, B bold and B hum-ble, B -

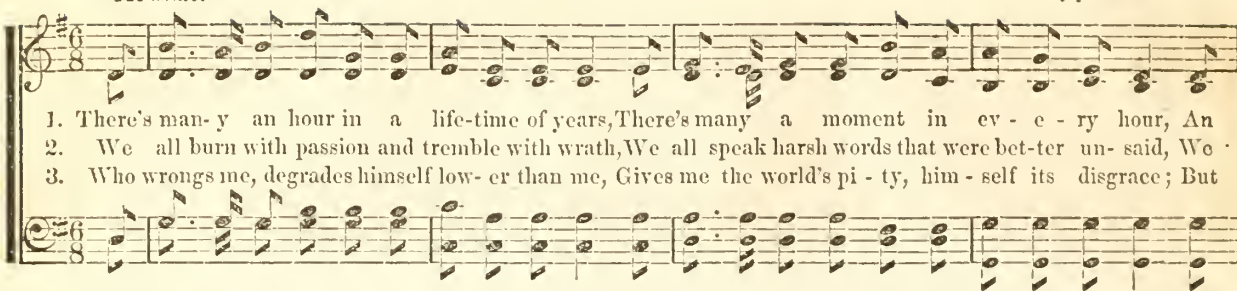
meek as a child; B studious, B thoughtful, B lov-ing, B kind, B cautious, B
 will-ing to learn; B hon-est, re-li-a-ble, nev-er B-hind, B care-ful of
 - cause thou art dust; B pen-i-tent, cir-cumspect, sound in the faith, B ac-tive, do -

pru-dent, B truth-ful, B mild: B all that is good, that you hap-py may B.
 con-duct, of mon-ey, of time: B all that is good, that you hap-py may B.
 - vot-ed, and faith-ful till death. B all that is good, that you hap-py may B.

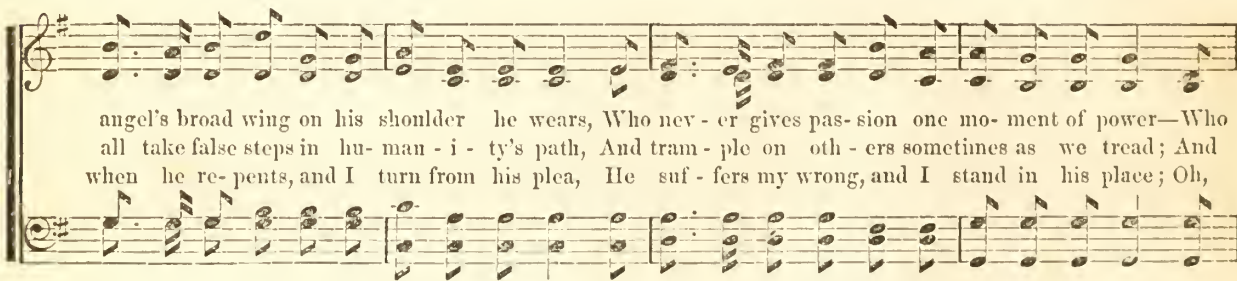
FORGIVE AND FORGET.

Moderato.

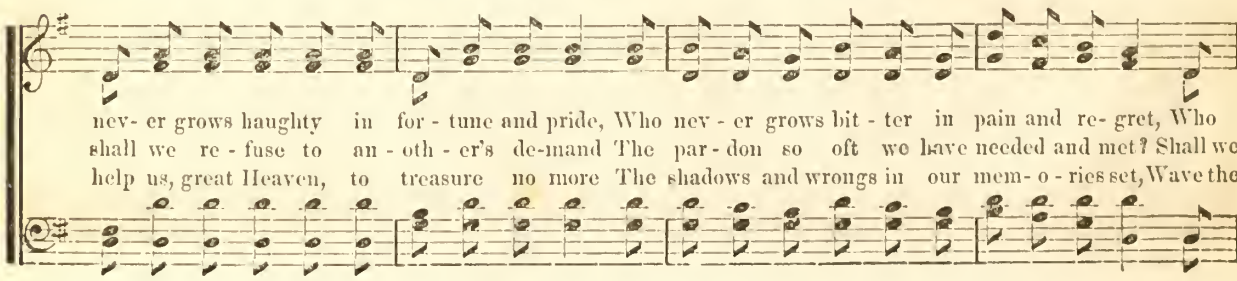
By permission.



1. There's man-y an hour in a life-time of years, There's many a moment in ev-e-ry hour, An
 2. We all burn with passion and tremble with wrath, We all speak harsh words that were bet-ter un-said, We
 3. Who wrongs me, degrades himself low-er than me, Gives me the world's pi-ty, him-self its disgrace; But



angel's broad wing on his shoulder he wears, Who nev-er gives pas-sion one mo-ment of power—Who
 all take false steps in hu-man-i-ty's path, And tram-ple on oth-ers sometimes as we tread; And
 when he re-pents, and I turn from his plea, He suf-fers my wrong, and I stand in his place; Oh,



nev-er grows haughty in for-tune and pride, Who nev-er grows bit-ter in pain and re-gret, Who
 shall we re-fuse to an-oth-er's de-mand The par-don so oft we have needed and met? Shall we
 help us, great Heaven, to treasure no more The shadows and wrongs in our mem-o-ries set, Wave the

FORGIVE AND FORGET. Concluded.

31

speaks God's own jus - tice, and nothing be - side, And leaves us no word to For - give and For - get.
 plead with the lip while we shut up the hand, And on - ly our own faults For - give and For - get!
 wing of thy peace all our bit - ter - ness o'er, And teach us, God like, to For - give and For - get.

THEY'RE COMING HOME, TO-DAY.*

Allegretto.

G. F. ROOT.

1. Oh, the joy - ful, joy - ful news Of the friends so long a - way! Let the hap - py throng Give
 2. Should the win - ter storms pre - vail, Or the sum - mer breez - es play, We will sing the same Our
 3. Oh, the pleasant, pleas - ant time When the heart makes all things gay, How the glad hopes spring On

welcome song, And sweetest tones prolong; For they're coming home to-day, to-day, They're coming home to-day.
 joyful strain, And ban - ish ev - 'ry pain, For they're coming home to-day, to-day, They're coming home to-day.
 air - y wing, To brighten ev - 'ry thing, For they're coming home to-day, to-day, They're coming home to-day.

* May be made welcome to an individual by a slight change in the words.

With spirit

1. { When the reign of the win - ter is o - ver, And spring comes to glad - den and bless,
 When the flocks in the mead - ows are sport - ing, And rob - in is build - ing his nest,
 2. { Then his banks are all chartered by na - ture, Their cred - its are am - ple and sure,
 And his clerks nev - er slope with de - pos - its, Pur - sued by the curse of the poor;

The farmer walks forth to his la - bor, And man - ly and firm is his tread, As he scatters the seed for the
 His stocks are the best in the mar - ket, His shares are the shares of his plow, Bringing money well earned to his

CHORUS.
 har - vest That yields to the na - tions their bread. Then success to the jol - ly old farm - er, Who
 cof - fers And pleas - ure and health to his brow. Then success to the jol - ly old farm - er, Who

sings as he fol-lows his plow, The monarch of prair-ie and for-est, 'Tis on-ly to God he may bow.

BEAUTY AROUND US.

E. E. WHITTEMORE.
From "Graded Singers," No. 2.

Moderato.

1. Beau-ty a-round us, And sunshine a-bove; All bear the im-press Of God's pre-cious love.
2. Yet oft re-pin-ing, We see but the cloud; Dark-ness and doubt-ing Our path-way enshroud.
3. Do-ing our du-ty, Tho' hum-ble and small; Speak-ing a kind word To one and to all.

Nev-er a blos-som That brightens our road, But points us up-ward To His blest a-bode.
Too prone to mur-mur, We dwell on our grief, Tho' our kind Fa-ther Would fain give re-lief.
Tho' light the la-bor, Yet great the re-ward: "En-ter thou in-to The joy of thy Lord."

THE CORN SONG.

Words by JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Moderato

1. Let oth - er lands, ex - ult - ing, glean The ap - ple from the pine, The or - ange from its
 2. Thro' vales of grass and meads of flowers Our ploughs their fur - rows made, While on the hills the
 3. All thro' the long, bright days of June, Its leaves grew green and fair, And waved in hot mid -

glos - sy green, The elus - ter from the vine; We bet - ter love the hard - y gift Our
 sun and showers Of change - ful A - pril played: We dropped the seed o'er hill and plain, Be -
 - sum - mer's noon Its soft and yel - low hair; And now, with Autumn's moon - lit eves, Its

rug - ged vales be - stow, To cheer us when the storm shall drift Our har - vest fields with snow.
 - neath the sun of May, And frightened from our sprouting grain The rob - ber crows a - way.
 har - vest time has come, We pluck a - way the frost - ed leaves, And bear the treas - ure home.

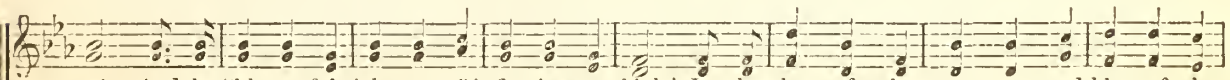
THE SONG DIVINE.

Words by Mrs. CORNIE LAWS ST. JOHN. 35

Moderato.



1. There's a song on the air, for the hosts of the plain, In u - ni - son sing, 'tis sweet lib - er - ty's
2. And the song that they sing is di - vine, and for all—And sung by each riv - er and bright wa - ter -
3. The Grangers are moving! let us join in their song! Adding strength to its strength, and each cadence pro-



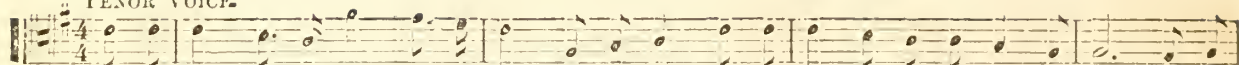
strain; And the "bloom of their banners," is floating on high! In the glow of the sun - set, and blue of the fall; 'Tis the anthem of freedom! O! sing it ye lands! Till the goad of the ty - rant shall fall from his long, Till the down-flowing riv - ers, and surf on the sands, Shall roll it in glo - ry to oth - er sad



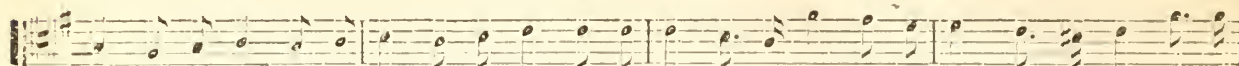
sky. Their ar - mies are mov - ing, and marching to - day, Tho' not in the glo - ry of bat - tle ar - ray. hands, Till each link in the fet - ter of yoe - men are loosed, And crushed is the might of all pow - ers a - bused. lands, Till the gleam of the gold shall nevermore strive, 'Gainst the glint of the ploughshare and sheen of the scythe.



TENOR VOICE.

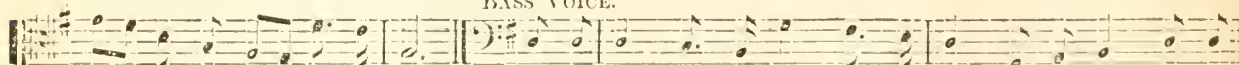


1. If I had but ten thousand a year, neighbor Green, If I had but ten thousand a year, What a
 2. I would do—why, I scarce-ly know what, neighbor Green, I would go—faith I scarcely know where, I would
 3. Well, I scarce-ly can tell what you mean, neighbor Green, For your questions are always so queer, But as

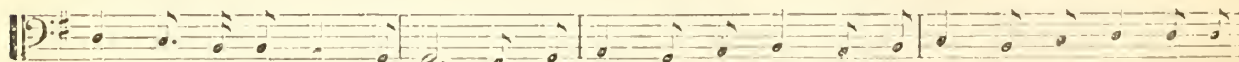


man would I be, and what sights would I see, If I had but ten thousand a year, neighbor Green, If I
 seat - ter the chink, and leave oth - ers to think, If I had but ten thousand a year, neighbor Green, If I
 oth - er folks die, I suppose so must I, (*Let the other voice finish immediately.*).....

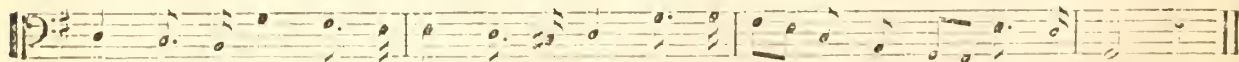
BASS VOICE.



had but ten thousand a year. The best wish you could have—take my word, Robin Ruff, Would scarce
 had but ten thousand a year. Yes, but when you are a - ged and gray, Rob - in Ruff, And the



find you in bread and in beer, But be hon - est and true, And say, what would you do, If you
 day of your death it draws near, Tell us, what with your pains, Would you do with your gains, If you
 What, and



had this ten thousand a year, Rob - in Ruff, If you had this ten thousand a year.
 then had ten thousand a year, Rob - in Ruff, If you then had ten thousand a year.
 give up ten thousand a year, Rob - in Ruff, What, and give up ten thousand a year?

BOTH VOICES. (*After singing previous page.*)

4. Yes, yes, there's a place that is bet - ter than this, neighbor Green, And I hope in my heart to go
Robin Ruff, you'll

there, Where the poor man's as great, tho' he hath no es-tate, Ay, as if he'd ten thousand a

THREE THINGS. (Round.)

year, neighbor Green, Ay, as if he'd ten thous-and a year. Three things are sought for, power, pleasure and
Rob- in Ruff,

wealth; One spoils our temper, and two spoil our health.

THERE'S A GOOD TIME COMING.

Music by permission of
Messrs. Oliver Ditson & Co.

Earnestly.

There's a good time coming, boys, A good time coming, There's a good time coming, boys, Wait a lit-tle long-er.

1. We may not live to see the day, But earth shall glisten in the ray Of the good time coming. Cannon balls may
2. The pen shall supercede the sword, And right, not might, shall be the lord, In the good time coming. Worth, not birth shall
3. The people shall be temperate, And all shall love instead of hate, In the good time coming. They shall use and
4. Then let us aid it all we can, Yes, ev-'ry woman, ev-'ry man, In the good time coming. Smallest helps, if

aid the truth, But tho't's a weapon stronger; We'll win our bat-tle by its aid; Wait a lit-tle longer.
rule mankind, And be akenowledged stronger; The prop-er im-pulse has been given; Wait a lit-tle longer.
not a-buse, And make all vir-tue stronger, The re-for-ma-tion has be-gunn; Wait a lit-tle longer.
rightly given, Will make the impulse stronger; It will be strong e-nough one day; Wait a lit-tle longer.

CHORUS.

There's a good time coming, boys, a good time coming; There's a good time coming, boys, Wait a lit-tle lon-ger.

"WE ARE WILLING TO WAIT A LITTLE LONGER."

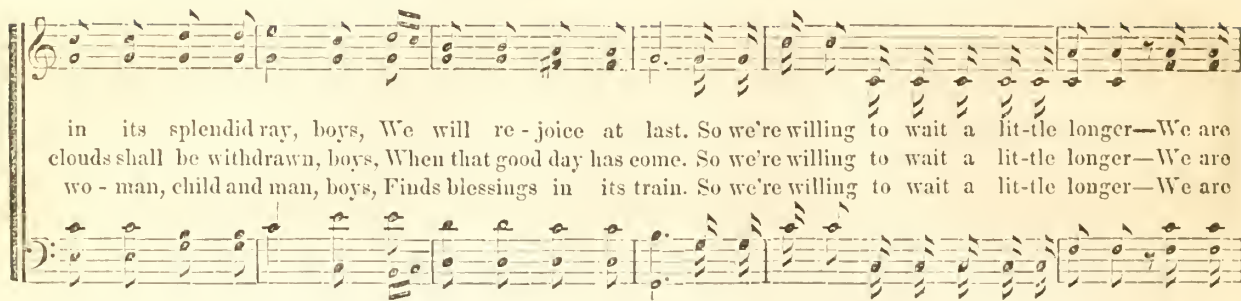
AVANELLA L. HOLMES.

Allegretto.

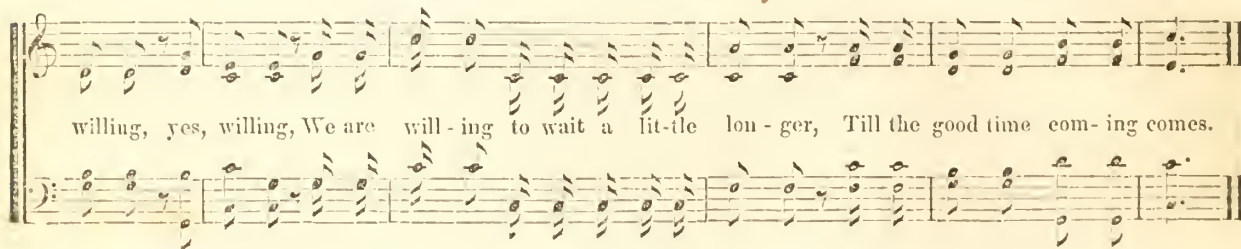
1,2,3. We are will-ing to wait a lit-tle lon-ger— We are willing, Yes willing, We are will-ing to wait a lit-tle

lon-ger, Till the good time com-ing comes. For the glo-ry of that day, boys, Shall brighten all the past, And
lon-ger, Till the good time com-ing comes. For when that day shall dawn, boys, We'll bear the harvest home, All
lon-ger, Till the good time com-ing comes. It is dawning ev-en now, boys, The nation hails its reign, Each

"WE ARE WILLING TO WAIT A LITTLE LONGER." Concluded.



in its splendid ray, boys, We will re-joice at last. So we're willing to wait a lit-tle longer—We are clouds shall be withdrawn, boys, When that good day has come. So we're willing to wait a lit-tle longer—We are wo-man, child and man, boys, Finds blessings in its train. So we're willing to wait a lit-tle longer—We are

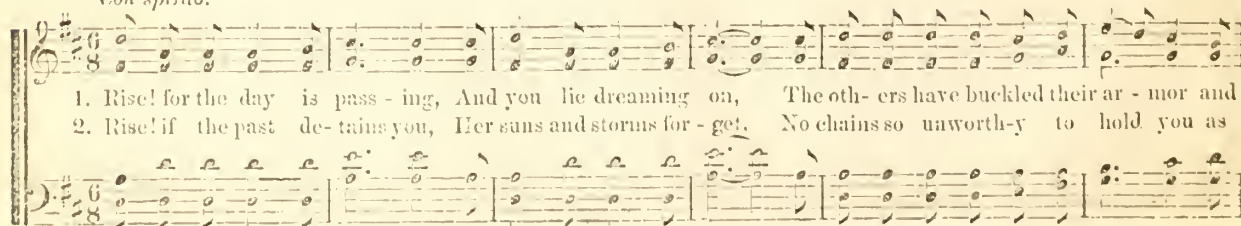


willing, yes, willing, We are will-ing to wait a lit-tle lon-ger, Till the good time com-ing comes.

"NOW."

G. F. R. Arranged from
the Model Organ Method.

Con spirito.



1. Rise! for the day is pass-ing, And you lie dreaming on, The oth-ers have buckled their ar-mor and
2. Rise! if the past de-tains you, Her eans and storms for-get, No chains so unworth-y to hold you as



forth to the fight have gone; The oth - ers have buckled their arm-or and forth to the fight have gone; A
those of a vain re - gret; No chains so un - worthy to hold you, as those of a vain re-gret; Tho'



place in the ranks awaits you, Each one has some part to play, The past and the future are nothing in the
bright, she is life - less ev - er, Her phantom arms cast a - way, Nor look back to learn the lesson of a



face of the stern to - day, The past and the fu - ture are noth - ing in the face of the stern to-day.
far no - bler strife to - day, Nor look back to learn the les - son of a far no - bler strife to-day.



Moderato.

1. Tho' we may not change the cot - tage For the man - sion tall and grand, Nor exchange the lit - tle
 2. We can make home bright and cheer - ful, If the right course we be - gin, We can make the inmates
 3. We may fill our homes with mu - sic, And with sun - shine brim - ming o'er, If a - gainst all vain in -

grass - plot For a bound - less stretch of land; Tho' we have no means to pur - chase Cost - ly
 hap - py. And their tru - est bless - ing win; We can gath - er round the fire - side, When the
 - trud - ers We but firm - ly close the door; Yet the shad - ow; should it en - ter, It must

pictures, rich and rare; Tho' we have no silk - en hang - ings On the walls so white and bare.
 eve - ning hours are long; We can blend our hearts and voi - ces In a hap - py so - cial song.
 true af - fee - tion find; Then we'll reap the choic - est bless - ings From the poor - est lot assigned.

Printed in sheet form, with prelude and accompaniment, by GEO. F. ROOT & SONS, 100 State St., Chicago.

WE CAN MAKE HOME HAPPY. Concluded.

43

CHORUS. (May be sung by men's voices, one singing Alto an octave above.)

The musical score for the chorus is written for two parts: a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The vocal line consists of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the piano accompaniment features chords and single notes. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

We can make home hap-py, We can make home gay; Where the will is, al-ways There will be a way.

THE MERRY HEART.

G. F. ROOT.

The musical score for 'The Merry Heart' is written for two parts: a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 2/4. The tempo/mood is marked 'Cheerfully.' and the piece ends with 'Fine.' The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

Cheerfully. *Fine.*

1. { 'Tis well to have a mer-ry heart, Howev-er short we stay,
 { There's wis-dom in a mer-ry heart, Whate'er the world may say. Old Dis-con-tent may
 D.C. But he who has a mer-ry heart, E'en dis-con-tent may thaw.

This block shows the first part of the musical score for 'The Merry Heart', including the vocal line (treble clef) and piano accompaniment (bass clef). The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 2/4. The tempo/mood is marked 'D.C.' (Da Capo). The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

D.C.

lift his head And find out many a flaw,

- 2 There's beauty in a merry heart,
 A moral beauty too;
 It shows the heart's an honest heart,
 That's paid each man his due,
 And lent a share of what's to spare,
 In spite of wisdom's fears,
 And made the cheek less sorrow speak,
 The eye shed fewer tears.

MAKE YOUR MARK.

ANON.

Moderato.

1. In the for-est do you toil? Make your mark! make your mark! Do you work upon the soil? Make, oh make your mark!

2. In the strife for learning's prize, Make your mark! make your mark! If in earnest to be wise, Make, oh make your mark!

In what-ev - er path you go, In what-ev - er place you stand, Moving swift, or moving slow, Make it with an honest hand.
Make it while the arm is strong, In the golden hours of youth, Never, never, make it wrong, Make it with the stamp of truth.

CHORUS.

Life is fleet - ing as a shade, Make your mark! make your mark! Marks of some kind must be made, Make, oh make your mark.

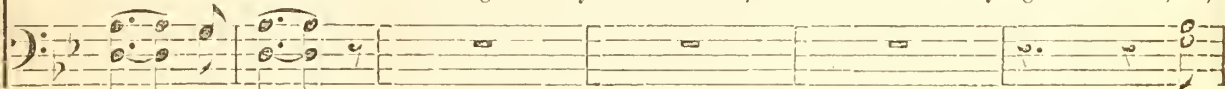
OF DEBT BEWARE.



1. How many hearts are sad to-day, Be-ware! be-ware! That might be hap-py, bright and gay, Be-
2. How many heads are bowed with care, Be-ware! be-ware! Pale, anxious fa-cies, once so fair, Be-



ware! be-ware! The mys-te-ry is ea-sy solved, In this one sim-ple word, "Involved." Oh,
ware! be-ware! Like troubled ghosts they flit a-round, And start at ev-ry sight or sound, Oh,



we must, we must all of debt be-ware!



- 3 Why falls this trouble sad and dire?
Beware! beware!
Too many irons in the fire,
Beware! beware!
Too many wants, too little pay,
Too little caution day by day,
Oh, we must, we must all of debt beware.
- 4 Some good advice runs with my rhyme,
Beware! beware!
To do but one thing at a time,
Beware! beware!
And do it well, then never yearn
For more than you can nobly earn.
Oh, we must, we must all of debt beware.

With spirit.

1. Men of tho't! be up and stir - ring Night and day : Sow the seed, withdraw the curtain, Clear the way!
 2. Once the wel - come light has bro - ken, Who shall say What the un - im - agined glo - ries Of the day?
 3. Lo! a cloud's a - bout to van - ish From the day ; Lo! the Right's about to conquer, Clear the way!

Men of ae - tion, aid and cheer them, As ye may! There's a fount a - bout to stream, There's a
 What the e - vil that shall per - ish In its ray? Aid the dawn - ing, tongue and pen; Aid it,
 And a bra - zen wrong to crum - ble In - to clay. With that Right shall ma - ny more En - ter

light a - bout to beam, There's a warmth a - bout to glow, There's a flower a - bout to blow,
 hopes of hon - est men: Aid it pa - per—aid it type—Aid it, for the hour is ripe,
 smil - ing at the door; With the gi - ant Wrong shall fall Ma - ny oth - ers, great and small,

CLEAR THE WAY. Concluded.

47

There's a mid-night blackness changing In - to gray ; Men of thought and men of action, Clear, clear the way !
 And our ear - nest must not slack - en In - to play. Men of thought and men of action, Clear, clear the way !
 That for a - ges long have held us For their prey ; Men of thought and men of action, Clear, clear the way !

“KEEPS.”

G. F. R.

Distinctly.

1. Keep to the right—the law di - rects, Keep from the world thy friend's de - feets, Keep all thy tho'ts on
 2. Keep true thy words—thine honor bright, Keep firm thy faith in God and right, Keep free from ev - 'ry

pur - est themes, Keep from thine eye the moles and beams.
 sin and stain, Keep from the ways that give thee pain.

- 3 Keep free thy tongue from words of ill,
 Keep right the aim and true the will,
 Keep all thy acts from pas-sion free,
 Keep strong in hope, no envy see.
- 4 Keep watchful care o'er tongue and hand,
 Keep firm thy feet, by justice stand,
 Keep true thy word, a sacred thing,
 Keep from the snares that tempters bring.
- 5 Keep faith with each you call a friend,
 Keep from all hate, all good defend.
 Keep firm thy courage bold and strong,
 Keep up the right, keep down the wrong.

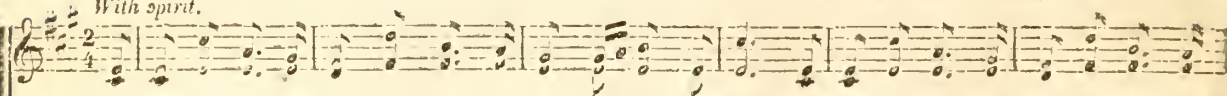
Words: SIDNEY HERBERT.

GO WORK UPON A FARM.

Music ~ DELOS.

Published in sheet form, with prelude and accomp., by GEO. F. ROOT & SONS, 109 State St., Chicago.

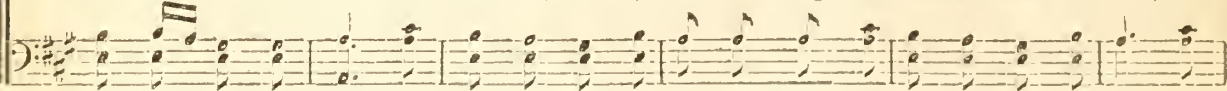
With spirit.



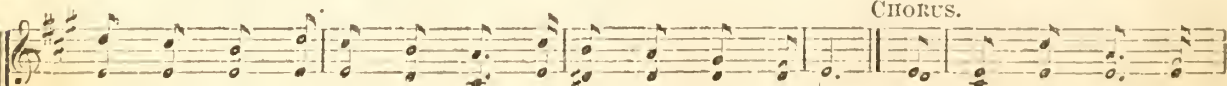
1. The song I sing to you to-day, Is not to learn a trade; For I am sad, the truth to say—That
2. Each counter has its idle clerk, Because the times are dull; And thousands now are out of work, The
3. Let no one starve for want of bread, The product of the soil; For all can still be am-ple fed, Who



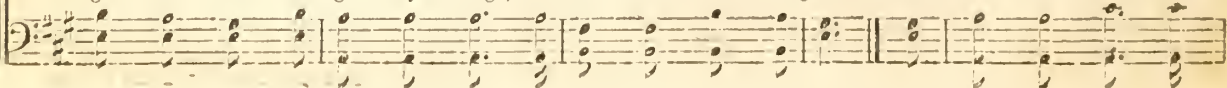
song a-side is laid. The mills are run-ning on half time, The shops give forth no noise, And
shops and mills are full. Then pray why seek to learn a trade, Oh where can be the charm, "Young
will but share the toil—The hon-est, man-ly toil that brings The harvest sea-son round, When



CHORUS.



it is hard to find a dime A-mong the 'pren-tice boys. This then shall be the
man go west" where money's made By work-ing on a farm. This then shall be the
glad the farm-er gai-ly sings, Because of fruit-ful ground. This then shall be the



GO WORK UPON A FARM. Concluded.

49

song we sing, The whole world to a - larm ; And loud-ly let the cho-rus ring—"Go work upon a farm."

This musical score is for the song "Go Work Upon a Farm." It features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The melody is simple and catchy, with the lyrics written below the treble staff. The lyrics are: "song we sing, The whole world to a - larm ; And loud-ly let the cho-rus ring—"Go work upon a farm.""

WHEN IN THE AUTUMN.

G. F. R.

1. When in the au- tumn the harvests stand, Waiting the stroke of the reap- er's hand ; Sweet in the sunshine they
2. When from the for - est the crim-son leaves Float a - way down by the fall - ing sheaves, Singing a mel - o - dy,

This musical score is for the song "When in the Autumn." It features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is simple and catchy, with the lyrics written below the treble staff. The lyrics are: "1. When in the au- tumn the harvests stand, Waiting the stroke of the reap- er's hand ; Sweet in the sunshine they
2. When from the for - est the crim-son leaves Float a - way down by the fall - ing sheaves, Singing a mel - o - dy,"

smile to know That their work is done ; and they glad-ly go.
faint and low, That their work is done ; and they glad-ly go.

This musical score is for the song "When in the Autumn." It features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is simple and catchy, with the lyrics written below the treble staff. The lyrics are: "smile to know That their work is done ; and they glad-ly go.
faint and low, That their work is done ; and they glad-ly go."

3 Life, that is only a fleeting breath,
Soon shall be bound in the sheaves of death ;
Live ye through time's sunny summer, so
That when He shall call, ye may gladly go.

4 Fresh as the flow'rs of the maple bough,
Blooming and gorgeous are ye now ;
Gladden the earth as the flow'rs do, so,
That when winter comes, ye may gladly go.

NEVER TOO LATE.

Words by HENRY MORFORD.

Andantino.

1. It is i - dle to mourn o - ver per - ish - ing gold, Or to weep for a fond hope be-
 2. It is weak to grow haughty in for - tune and power, Thus for - get - ting the na - ture we
 3. Crowns have fall - en a - way from the foreheads of kings, Who have fal - tered a moment and

trayed, For the fair tree of knowledge springs up, as of old, From the dust where our er - rors are
 bear, But 'tis weak - er to fail in life's stor - mi - est hour, And so fold up our hands in de-
 feared, While the hope - ful and bold, from the com - mon - est things, Have the proud - est of mon - u - ments

laid; It is fol - ly to think that the world is our foe, And to heap bit - ter words up - on
 spair. That which might have been done in the time that is past, May be done e'en to - day—by the
 reared; So the he - roes of life are the men of all time, Who in calmness their tri - al a -

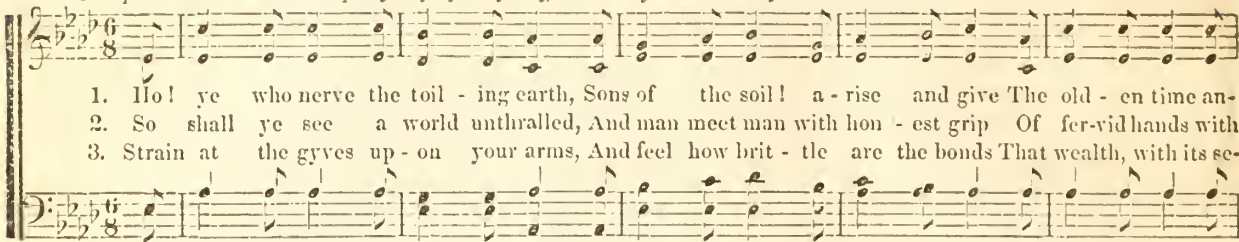
fate, For one glo - ri - ous hope lights the world with its glow, While we live it is nev - er too late.
 great; If we on - ly will bind op - por - tu - ni - ty fast, And still think it is nev - er too late.
 -wait, And who shrink not to delve, and who fear not to climb, And who know it is nev - er too late.

COURAGE, AND THY CAUSE IS WON.

G. F. R.

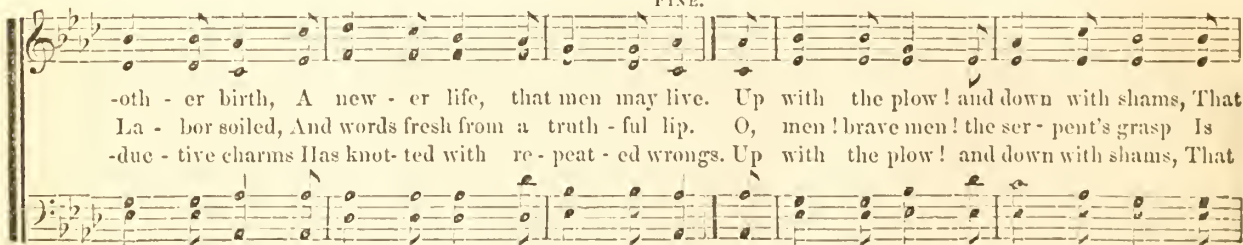
m Earnestly. *f* *m*
 1. Why so sad, why thus cast down? Cour-age, and thy cause is won. Right and truth must soon pre-vail,
 2. If but brave and true thou art, Strong of will and strong of heart, Thro' all ills thou'lt find a way,
m
m *f*
 E - vils are of no a - vail; Why then sad, why thus cast down? Courage, and thy cause is won.
 Noth - ing can thy pro - gress stay! Why then sad, why thus cast down? Courage, and thy cause is won.

THE GRANGERS' CALL.

Words from the "Deacon,"
Macon, Miss.*Con spirito. Observe the da capo by singing the first four lines after each verse for a chorus.*


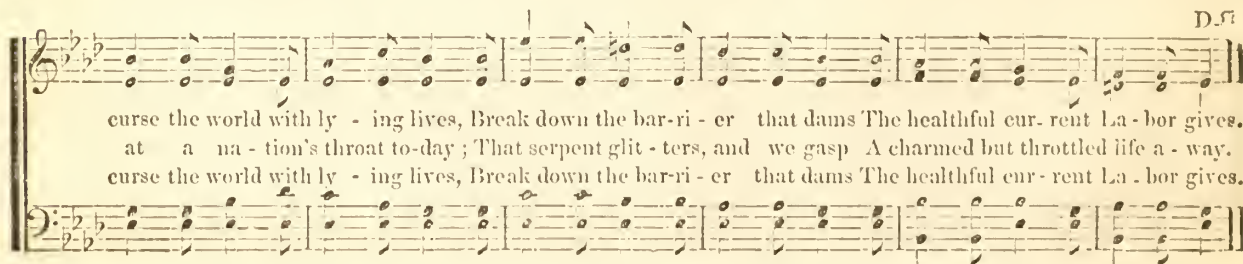
1. Ho! ye who nerve the toil - ing earth, Sons of the soil! a - rise and give The old - en time an -
 2. So shall ye see a world unthralled, And man meet man with lion - est grip Of fer-vid hands with
 3. Strain at the gyves up - on your arms, And feel how brit - tle are the bonds That wealth, with its se -

FINE.



-oth - er birth, A new - er life, that men may live. Up with the plow! and down with shams, That
 La - bor soiled, And words fresh from a truth - ful lip. O, men! brave men! the ser - pent's grasp Is
 -due - tive charms Has knot - ted with re - peat - ed wrongs. Up with the plow! and down with shams, That

D.C.

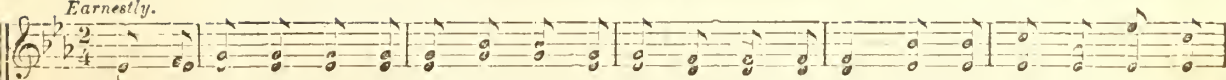


curse the world with ly - ing lives, Break down the bar - ri - er that dams The healthful cur - rent La - bor gives.
 at a na - tion's throat to-day; That serpent glit - ters, and we gasp A charmed but throttled life a - way.
 curse the world with ly - ing lives, Break down the bar - ri - er that dams The healthful cur - rent La - bor gives.

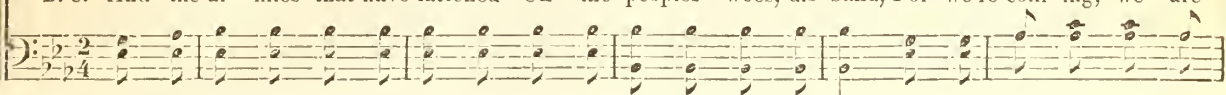
THE GRANGERS' GATHERING.

Words by Mrs. S. M. SMITH. 53

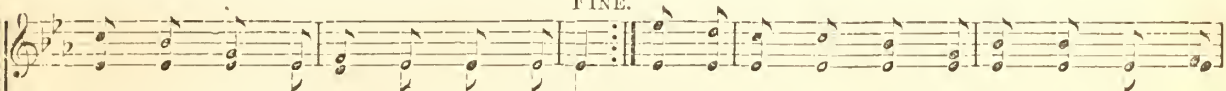
Earnestly.



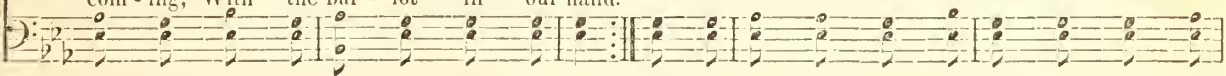
1. { We are com-ing, we are com-ing, For the wel-come eall we hear, We are com-ing, we are
D. C. It shall spring up by the way-side, Make the des-ert pla-ces bloom, We are sow-ing, we are
2. { We've been dreaming, we've been dreaming, Thro' the a-ges of the past, We are wak-ing, we are
D. C. And the ar-mies that have fattened On the peoples' woes, dis-band, For we're com-ing, we are



FINE.



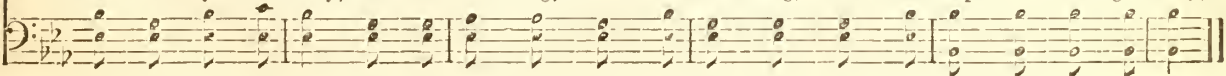
- { com-ing, From the prair-ies, far and near,
{ com-ing, With the bal lot in our hand. We've been reap-ing, we've been reap-ing Emp-ty
sow-ing, For the reap-ers yet to come.
{ wak-ing From our long re- pose at last,
{ com-ing, Let our plun-der-ers take heed. We are com-ing, we are com-ing, Right de-
com-ing, With the bal lot in our hand.



D. C.



- husk and nox-ious weed, We are sow-ing, we are sow-ing, Time shall prove our scattered seed;
-throned shall yet hold sway, We are com-ing, we are com-ing, Let mo-nop-o-lies give way,



SEE THE PEOPLE TURNING OUT.

G. F. R.

With Spirit.

1. See the peo - ple turn - ing out, What, what's the mat - ter? What is all this noise a - bout, What, what's the mat - ter?
 2. Old mo - nop - o - lies abound, That's what's the mat - ter! Wrongs on ev - ry hand are found, That's what's the matter!
 3. Hear ye what the peo - ple say, " These wrongs must scatter! Right and truth shall win the day, That's what's the mat - ter!

Gathered in from far and near, Why such earnest fa - ces here? What is it the peo - ple fear? What, what's the matter?
 Rings whose cru - el shib - bo - leth Ut - tered with their specious breath, Almost strangle us to death, That's what's the matter!
 Mass your strength just where and when You are wanted, honest men, Vic - to - ry will crown you then! That's what's the matter!

MEN THAT DARE.

New Arrangement.

Maestoso.

1. Men that dare with wrong to fight, Men that bat - tle for the right, Gird ye on your armor bright; Hark! the Toesin's call!
 2. So we meet in desperate strife; Front to front and life to life, Reckless they of ru - in life In the con - flict dire.
 3. Oh ye peo - ple, cease your wail, In this light all e - vils pale; God and jus - tice will prevail Now and ev - ermore;

Gi - ant e - vil's la-test breath—Struggling onward to its death, Ev-er in its madness saith, Bow to us or fall!
 Lighting up the morning sky, Har - binger of vic - t'ry nigh, See the flame of jus - tice high! 'Tis their funeral pyre.
 Ev - 'ry form of wrong shall die; Per - ish, ev - 'ry vaunted lie :—And this ra-diance from on high, Nev - er leave our shore.

GO FORTH.

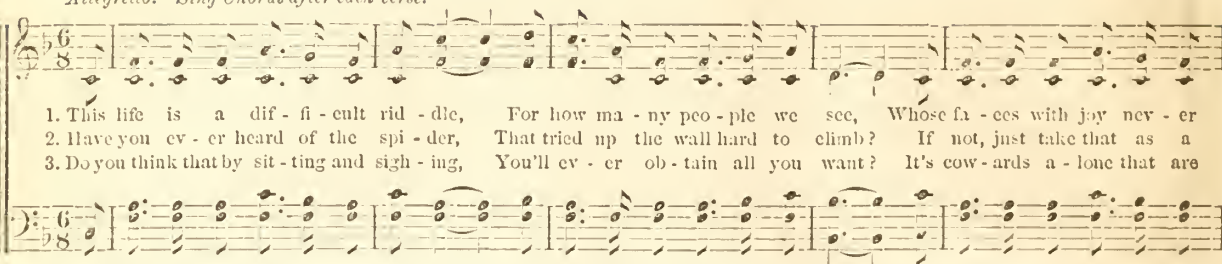
G. F. R.

March time.

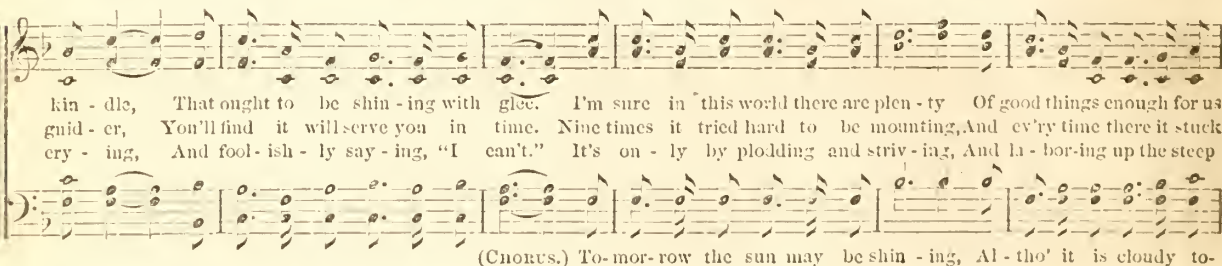
1. { Go forth to your place in the con - flict, Go forth to the field of the strife,
 { There's work for the strength of your spir - it, A work that will end but with life.
 2. { Go forth from the town and its mil - lions, Go forth from the green mountain side,
 { And nerv - ing your soul and its pin - ions, Go forth from the will o - cean tide.

1st time. 2d time.
 { Let tho'ts of the past nev - er keep you, Nor dreams of the future de-lay, face of the stern-er to-day.
 { The past and the fu - ture are noth - ing In (OMIT).....
 { Loose chains with the spirit of mer - cy, Drive vice from a slumbering world, wrong from its stronghold is hurled.
 { Nor rest with your sword in its scabbard, Till (OMIT).....

Allegretto. Sing Chorus after each verse.

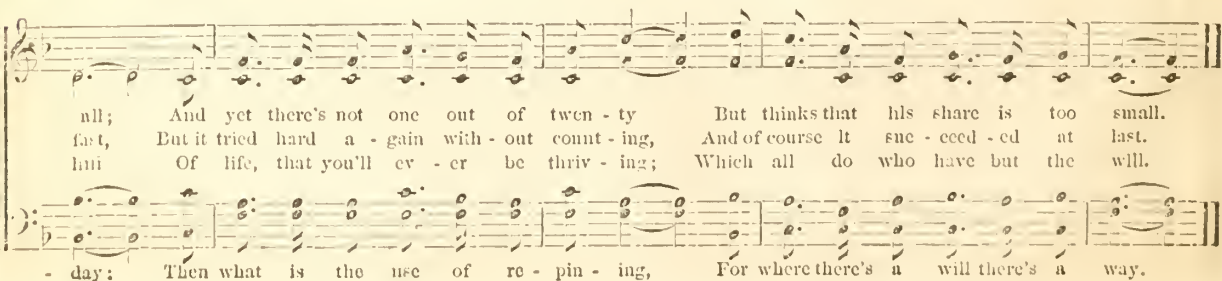


1. This life is a dif - fi - cult rid - dle, For how ma - ny peo - ple we see, Whose fa - ces with joy nev - er
2. Have you ev - er heard of the spi - der, That tried up the wall hard to climb? If not, just take that as a
3. Do you think that by sit - ting and sigh - ing, You'll ev - er ob - tain all you want? It's cow - ards a - lone that are



kin - dle, That ought to be shin - ing with glee. I'm sure in 'this world there are plen - ty Of good things enough for us
gnid - er, You'll find it will serve you in time. Nine times it tried hard to be mounting, And ev'ry time there it stuck
cry - ing, And fool - ish - ly say - ing, "I can't." It's on - ly by plodding and striv - ing, And li - bor - ing up the steep

(Chorus.) To - mor - row the sun may be shin - ing, Al - tho' it is cloudy to -



all; And yet there's not one out of twen - ty But thinks that his share is too small.
fast, But it tried hard a - gain with - out count - ing, And of course it suc - ceed - ed at last.
hui Of life, that you'll ev - er be thriv - ing; Which all do who have but the will.

- day: Then what is the use of re - pin - ing, For where there's a will there's a way.

Moderato.

1. { Never rail at the world—it is just as we make it, We see not the flower if we sow not the seed;
And as for ill-luck—why it's just as we take it. The heart that's in earnest no bars can impede.

2. { Never rail at the world, nor attempt to exalt here That feeling which questions society's claim;
For oft ten poor Friendship is less in the fault, here, Less changeable oft than the selfish who blame:

You may question the justice which governs man's breast, And say that the search for true friendship is vain;
Then ne'er by the changes of fate be depressed, Nor wear like a fetter Time's sorrowful chain;

But remember, this world, tho' it be not the best, Is the next to the best we shall ever attain.
But believe that this world, tho' it be not the best, Is the next to the best we shall ever attain.

BROTHER, SOW THY SEED.

Arranged by G. F. R.

Allegretto.

1. { Spring's on the mountain, And ver - dure on the hill, Brother, sow thy seed. } { Modest flowers are blooming }
 { Swift from the fountain, Now springs the sil - ver rill, Brother, sow thy seed. } { All the air per - fuming, }

2. { Sow, patient waiting, And God will send the rain, Brother, sow thy seed. } { But whate'er thou sow-est, }

3. { Gen - ial the sunshine Will swell the springing grain, Brother, sow thy seed. } { Promis - es of harvest }

3. { Life is the seed-time, And ev - 'ry hand must sow, Brother, sow thy seed. } { In the mystic fu - ture }

{ Some seed we scatter Wherev - er we may go, Brother, sow thy seed. } { Ev - 'ry hand must gather }

1st time. 2d CHORUS.

{ On the vel - vet mead, } { Spring's on the mountain, And verdure on the hill, Brother, sow thy seed. }

{ Brother sow thy (OMIT.) seed. } { Swift from the fountain Now springs the silver rill, Brother, sow thy seed. }

{ Autumn will ma - ture, } { Spring's on the mountain, And verdure on the hill, Brother, sow thy seed. }

{ Ev - er - more en - (OMIT.) dure. } { Swift from the fountain Now springs the silver rill, Brother, sow thy seed. }

{ Sow - ing time will cease, } { Spring's on the mountain, And verdure on the hill, Brother, sow thy seed. }

{ All the fair in - (OMIT.) cease. } { Swift from the fountain Now springs the silver rill, Brother, sow thy seed. }

Maestoso.

1. Too long, too long has dark-ness swept A-down the vale of time; Too long, too long the world has slept, Thus
 2. There's clash-ing in the fields of life, Where ty-rants long have reigned; And shouts from men, a-mid the strife, Go
 3. Though now so long the night has swept A-down the vale of time; Though now so long the world has slept, Thus

wast-ing all its prime. But joy to earth! the morning breaks, And bells of freedom chime, For Right is march-ing on.
 up for vic-t'ries gain'd. The bound and fall-en stand e-rect, No longer crush'd and chain'd; For Right is march-ing on.
 wast-ing all its prime; Yet, joy to earth! the morning breaks, With freedom's glorious chime; For Right is march-ing on.

CHORUS.

Glo-ry! glory! Hal-le-lu-jah! Glo-ry! glory! Hal-le-lu-jah! Glo-ry! glo-ry! Hal-le-lu-jah! 'Tis surely marching on!

THE MIGHT WITH THE RIGHT.

Music, DANBY.

f Allegro.

1. May ev - 'ry year but draw more near The time when strife shall cease, And truth and love all
 2. Let good men ne'er of truth de-spair, Tho' hum - ble ef - forts fail; Oh, give not o'er un -

hearts shall move To live in joy and peace. Now sorrow reigns, and earth complains, For fol - ly still her
 - til once more The righteous cause pre-vail; In vain, and long en - during wrong, The weak may strive a -

power maintains; But the day will sure-ly come, *mp* When the might with the right, And the truth shall be with the
 gainst the strong; But the day shall yet ap-pear When the might with the right, And the truth shall be with the

When the

right..... And come what there may, to stand in the way, That day the world shall see.

might with the right, And the truth shall be.

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. It begins with a long rest followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, featuring a similar rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics are placed below the staves, with the first line of lyrics corresponding to the first staff and the second line to the second staff.

Moderato. THE GOLDEN AGE IS COMING YET. G. F. R.

1. { Bards in praise of Gold - en A - ges Long have sung in left - y rhyme,
But, ex - cept in their own pa - ges, Nev - er was there such a time :
2. { I - ron still, and i - ron on - ly, All the a - ges that have been,
Bar - ren were they, bleak and lone - ly, Here and there a flower be - tween—

The musical score is in 3/4 time. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. Both staves have a key signature of one sharp (F#). The score is divided into two systems. The first system contains the lyrics for the first two lines of the song. The second system contains the lyrics for the third line of the song. The music is written in a simple, clear style with notes and rests clearly visible.

The e - ra they so much re - gret, The Golden Age, is coming yet!
With blood and tears they all were wet, The Golden Age, is coming yet!

3 By the lofty aims we cherish,
By the hope that never dies,
Error's legions soon shall perish,
Liberty and truth arise—
A pair on earth that never met,
The Golden Age is coming yet.

4 Up then, brothers, and be doing,
Every effort brings it on ;
And the humblest—truth pursuing—
From its pathway lifts a stone.
Love then, and labor—do not fret,
The Golden Age is coming yet.

The musical score continues with two staves. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. Both staves have a key signature of one sharp (F#). The score is divided into two systems. The first system contains the lyrics for the third line of the song. The second system contains the lyrics for the fourth line of the song. The music is written in a simple, clear style with notes and rests clearly visible.

Recitando.

1. There are three preachers ever preaching, Each with eloquence and power, One is old with locks of white,
 2. The second is a milder preacher; Soft he talks as if he sung; Sleek and slothful is his look,
 3. Mightier is the younger preacher; Genius flashes from his eyes; And the crowds who hear his voice,

Skinny as an an-cho-rite; And he preaches ev-'ry hour With a shrill, fanatic voice, And a bigot's fiery scorn:
 And his words, as from a book, Issue glibly from the tongue. With an air of self content, High he lifts his fair white hands:
 Give him, while their souls rejoice, Throbbing bosoms for re-plies. Awed they listen, yet elated, While his stirring accents fall:

Backward, ye presumptuous nations: Man to misery is born! Born to drudge, and sweat, and suffer—
 Stand ye still, ye restless nations; And be happy, all ye lands! Earth was made by One Almighty,
 Forward! ye deluded nations; Progress is the rule of all; Man was made for heartful effort;
 Tyranny has crushed him long.

Priests and Kings are God's Vice - - - - ge- rents, Man must worship and o - bey.
 Change is rash and ever was so; We are happy as we are;
 He shall march from good to bet - ter, Nor be patient un - der wrong!

Backward, ye presumptuous nations, Back!—be humble and o - bey!
 stand ye still, ye restless nations, And be happy as ye are.
 Forward! ye awakened nations, And do battle with the wrong.

4 And the preaching of this | preacher
 Sifts the pu - ces | of the world,
 Tyranny has | curbed its pride;
 Errors that were | decided,
 Into darkness | have been hurled;
 Slavery and Liberty, |
 And the Wrong and Right have met, |
 To decide their an - cient quarrel, |
 Onward! pre - acher; on - ward yet! |
 There are pens to tell your | progress,
 There are eyes that | pine to read,
 There are hearts that burn to | aid you,
 There are arms in | hour of need.
 Onward, preacher! Onward, nation! |
 Will must ripen | into DEED.

COME BROTHERS, AROUSE YE.

G. F. R.

Con spirito.

1. Come brothers a - rouse ye! Arm! arm for the right; Day flings out her ban - ners, Hail! hail to the light!
 2. Oh, ark of our free - dom, True! true to our trust; Stand firm by our li - berty, Guard! guard it we must!

Allegretto.

1. When things don't go to suit you, And the world seems upside down, Don't waste your time in fretting, But
 2. Why should you dread to-mor-row, And de-spoil the good to-day, For when you bor-row trou-ble, You
 3. You might be spared much sighing, If you'd on-ly keep in mind, The tho't that good and e-vil, Are
 4. And tho' you're strong and stur-dy, You may have an em-py purse, And earth has ma-ny tri-als, Which

drive a-way that frown; Since life is oft per-plex-ing, 'Tis much the wis-est plan To bear all tri-als
 al-ways have to pay. It is a good old maxim, Which should be often preached, Don't cross the bridge be-
 al-ways here combined. There must be something wanting, And tho' you roll in wealth, You miss from out your
 cer-tain-ly are worse; But whether joy or sor-row Fill up your mortal span, 'Twill make your pathway

brave-ly, And smile whene'er you can. To bear all tri-als bravely, And smile whene'er you can.
 fore you Un-til the bridge is reached, Don't cross the bridge be-fore you Un-til the bridge is reached.
 cas-ket The precious jew-el health, You miss from out your cas-ket The precious jew-el health.
 brighter, To smile whene'er you can, 'Twill make your path-way brighter, To smile whene'er you can.

NEVER DESPAIR.

E. I. WHITEMORE.
From Graded Singers, No. 3.

65

SOLO OR SEMI-CHORUS. (See "Graded Singers" for accompaniment.)

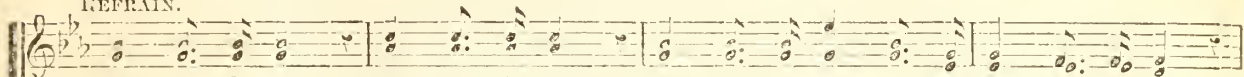


1. Wea - ry and sad do you jour - nev a - long, Bear - ing a bur - den no oth - er may share?
2. Vic - tim are you of op - pres - sion and wrong, No - bad - y ear - ing or seem - ing to cure?
3. All that you aim at in life can be won On - ly by him who has cour - age to dare;



Lift up your heart as you list to my song, Join in the cho - rus, 'tis Nev - er de - spair.
Strike for your right, and you will not be long Friendless, for - sak - en, so Nev - er de - spair.
Think of en - joy - ment when ef - fort is done, Do what you can, then, and Nev - er de - spair.

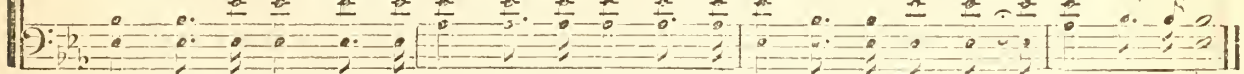
REFRAIN.



Nev - er despair, nev - er despair, Nev - er despair, there is rest o - ver there;
Nev - er despair, nev - er despair, Nev - er despair, you'll have hon - ors to wear;
Nev - er despair, nev - er despair, Nev - er despair, for suc - cess will de - clare;

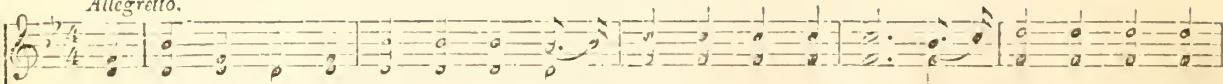


Nev - er despair, there is rest o - ver there, At the end of the journey, so nev - er despair.
Nev - er despair, you'll have hon - ors to wear, If you fight for them bravely and nev - er despair.
Nev - er despair, for suc - cess will de - clare For the one who will trust firm, and nev - er despair.

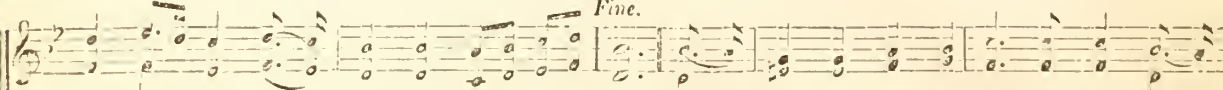


FIFTY YEARS AGO.

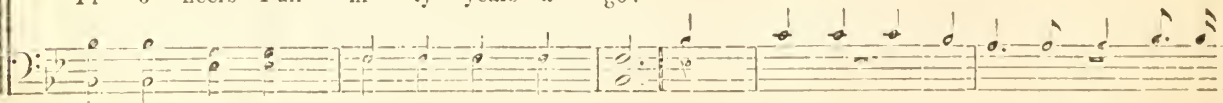
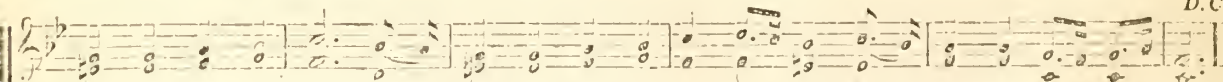
Words by W. D. GALLAGHER.

Allegretto.

1. A song of the ear - ly times out West, And our green old far - est home, Whose pleasant mem - ries
 D.C. Oh, the waves of life danced mer - ri - ly, And had a joy - ous flow, In the days when we were
 2. We should not ha - ber when 'twas die, We wrought with right good will: And for the homes we
 D.C. Oh pleas - ant - ly the stream of life Pur - sued its con - stant flow, In the days when we were
 3. But now our course of life is short; And as, from day to day, We're walk - ing on with
 D.C. Yet while we lia - ger we may all A backward glance still throw, To the days when we were

*Fine.*

fresh - ly yet A - cross the bo - som come; A song for the free and gladsome life, In these
 Pi - o - neers Full fif - ty years a - go! We lived not her - mit lives, but oft In
 wen for them Our chil - dren bless us still. halt - ing step, And faint - ing by the way;— A - noth - er land more bright than this, To
 Pi - o - neers Full fif - ty years a - go!

*D.C.*

ear - ly days we led, With a teem - ing soil beneath our feet, And a smil - ing heav'n o'er - head!
 so - cial con - verse met;— And fires of love were kin - dled then, That burn on warm - ly yet.
 our dim sight ap - pears, And on our way to it, we'll soon A - gain be Pi o - neers!



I LOVE, I LOVE TO SEE.

Arranged from a poem
by ELIZA COOK.

67

Moderato.

1. I love, I love to see, Bright steel gleam thro' the land—A goodly sight—but it must be, With-in the reaper's hand.
2. Yes, brighter wealth by far, Than in the mine's deep vein, Is seen around the fair hills crowned, With sheaves of burnt-bred grain.
3. Let songs of praise be poured, In grat-i-tude and joy, By men of wealth, with garner's stored, And by the gleaner boy,

My glow-ing heart beats high, At sight of shin-ing gold, But 'tis not what the mis-er's eye De-light-eth to behold.
Look forth, ye toil-ing men, Tho' lit-tle ye pos-sess, Be glad that dearth is not on earth To make that lit-tle less.
The feast that warfare gives, Is not for one a-long, 'Tis shared by ev-ry one that lives, From cottage home to throne.

CHORUS.

Then glo-ry to the steel With-in the reaper's hand, And thanks that God has blessed the sod, And crowned the harvest land.

SING. COMRADES, SING. (The Artisan's song.)

Arranged from a poem by
T. D. ENGLISH, Esq.*Sing the words under the base each time in Da capo for chorus.***Allegretto.**

1. Sing, comrades sing, come join and sing, We're part of the state who la - bor, And in his sphere each
2. Yes, king with-in the fac - t'ry wall, Or wielding the saw and hammer, Yes, ev - en in the

D.C. Then, comrades sing, come join and sing, We're part of the state who la - bor, And in his sphere each

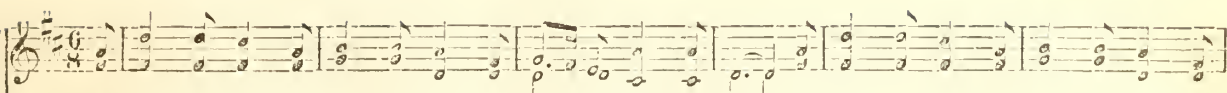
Fine.

one is king As well as his wealthy neighbor. We laugh when rich men men - tion here Their
cobbler's stall, Or deaf-en-ing workshop clam - or; In ev - 'ry spot, in ev - 'ry place, What-

one is king As well as his wealthy neighbor.

D.C.

won - der - ful af - fee - tion, And take our hands with words of cheer, As we approach e - lee - tion.
ev - er be his sta - tion, Each workman has a glorious part In hold - ing up the na - tion.



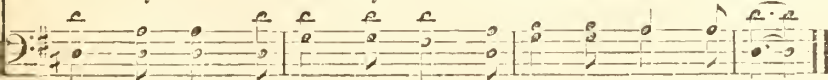
1. A jo - vial farm - er boy I'll be, As fresh as the birds that sing, And ear - ol forth my songs of glee A -
 2. Or to the fields with the reapers hie, And toil the livelong day, And think of the happy time when I Shall
 3. I would not live in the crowded town, With pavements hard and gray, With lengthened streets of dusty brown, And



-mong the flowers of spring. With a whoop who hoy, to drive my team, Be - fore the ris - ing sun, To
 be a man—as they. To plow, to har - row, plant and sow The rich and fer - tile lands: To
 paint - ed hous - es gay. Where ev - 'ry boy his ball must bound Up - on his neighbor's dome, And



slake their thirst in silv - 'ry stream, Shall be my morning's fan.
 reap and bind, to pitch and mow, With strong and wil - ling hands.
 ev - 'ry shout and ev - 'ry sound Disturb some oth - er's home.



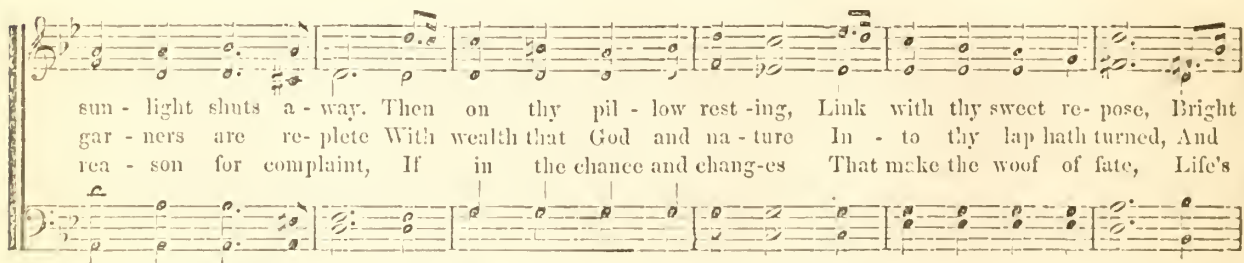
- 4 The squirrel, leaping from the limb,
 Upon the tree-top high,
 The lark that soars with matin hymn,
 Is not more gay than I.
 I love the trade of a farmer boy,
 From city trammels free,
 So I crack my whip and cry, "Who
 hoy,"
 A farmer boy I'll be.

TOIL FROM THE EARLY MORNING.

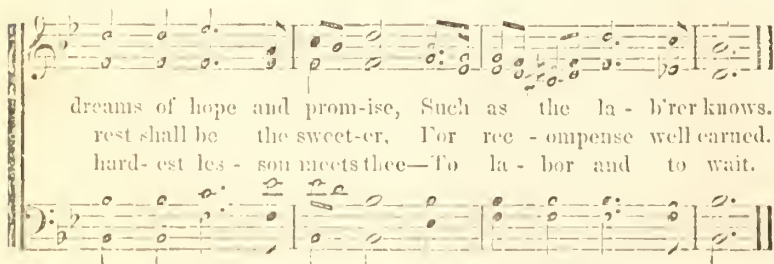
Words by Mrs. M. A. PRATT.

Andantino.


1. Toil from the ear - ly morning, Toil thro' the gold-en day, Toil till night's jeweled fin - ger, The
 2. Sow in the ear - ly spring-time. Watch thro' the sum-mer heat, Till in the glow-ing autumn Thy
 3. What tho' thy hand may wea-ry, And flesh and heart may faint, There is no cause for sor-row, No



sun - light shuts a - way. Then on thy pil - low rest-ing, Link with thy sweet re - pose, Bright
 gar - ners are re - plete With wealth that God and na - ture In - to thy lap hath turned, And
 rea - son for complaint, If in the chance and chang-es That make the woof of fate, Life's



dreams of hope and prom-ise, Such as the la - b'rer knows.
 rest shall be the sweet-er, For ree - ompense well earned.
 hard-est les - son meets thee—To la - bor and to wait.

4 Still to thy chosen mission,
 And to thyself be true;
 As harvest follows seed-time,
 So shall it come to you.
 Best die within the harness
 If thy work be not through,
 And enter the hereafter,
 Strong to begin anew.

DON'T FRET!

G. F. R.

71

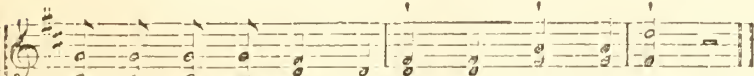
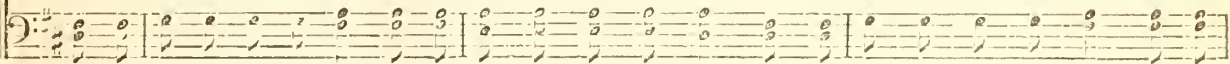
Distinctly



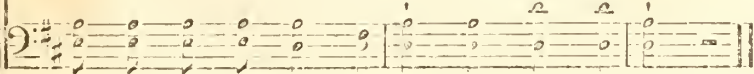
1. Has a neighbor in - jured you, Don't fret, don't fret; With no reason so to do, Don't fret, don't fret;
2. Has a false re - port been made, Don't fret, don't fret; Do you fear it will degrade? Don't fret, don't fret;
3. Are your en - e - mies at work, Don't fret, don't fret; Do they still in se - cret lurk, Don't fret, don't fret;



You will sure come off the best, He's the most to an - swer for, Nev - er mind it, let him rest With his
It will run it - self to death If you let it quite a - lone, It will die for want of breath, Or the
They can harm you not a whit, If they find you heed them not, They will soon be glad to quit, And the



bet - ter coun - sel - or, Don't fret, don't fret, don't fret.
falsehood will be shown, Don't fret, don't fret, don't fret.
e - vil be for - got, Don't fret, don't fret, don't fret.



4 Is adversity your lot,
Don't fret, don't fret.
Do misfortunes seem to plot,
Don't fret, don't fret.
Fortune's wheel keeps turning round,
Every spoke will reach the top,
Which, like you, are going down,
Then adversities will drop.
Don't fret, don't fret.

MAN UPAISED.

Old Scotch melody.

With earnestness.

1. Man upraised a - bove his fel - lows, Oft forgets his fellows then ; Masters—ru - lers—lords, remem - ber
 2. There are foam-embroidered o - ceans, There are lit - tle wood-clad rills ; There are fee - ble inch-high saplings,
 3. Toil-ing hands a - lone are build - ers, Of a na - tion's wealth and fame, Ti - tled la - zi - ness is pensioned,

That your meanest hinds are men ! Men of la - bor, men of feel - ing, Men of thoughts and men of fame,
 There are ee - dars on the hills. God, who counts by souls, not sta-tions, Loves and pros-pers you and me ;
 Fed and fat - tened on the same ; By the sweat of oth - ers' fore-heads, Living on - ly to re-joyce,

4 Truth and justice are eternal,
 Born with loveliness and light ;
 Secret wrongs shall never prosper
 While there is a sunny right.
 God, whose worldwide voice is singing
 Boundless love to you and me,
 Links oppression with its titles
 But as pebbles in the sea.

1. If we help one an - oth - er A - long the path of life, Each be to each a broth - er Thro'
 2. Tho' trouble's clouds may gath - er, The sky is still a - bove ; Tho' it be storm - y weather, The

qui - et and thro' strife, Our hopes will shine the brighter, Our hearts will be the light - er, If we
 sun will constant prove, And ev - 'ry sad - ow ban - ish ; The mists will sure - ly van - ish If we

help one an - oth - er A - long the path of life.

- 3 Life hath its meed of sorrow,
 And all must have their share ;
 To-day there's joy, to-morrow
 May bring its load of care ;
 But trouble will be lightened,
 And happiness be brightened
 If we help one another.
- 4 Then let us help each other,
 And do all good we can,
 Each be to each a brother
 Through all of life's brief span.
 For hearts will be the lighter,
 The world will be better, brighter,
 If we help one another.

THE EAGLE MAY SLEEP ON HIS ROCK.

G. F. R.

1. The ea - gle may sleep on his rock, brother. The ea - gle may sleep on his rock, But woe for the hour when ho
 2. Yet not on the red gleaming plain, brother, O, not on the red gleaming plain, Shall the battle be fought by the
 3. In weakness and si - lence too long, brother, In weakness and si - lence too long, We have faltered, while memo - ry
 4. We wel - come that dawning to - day, brother, We welcome that dawning to - day, For the night cloud that hung o'er our

springs from his crag, And welcomes his foe to the shock; His spir - it shall cheer us to - day, brother, His
 sons of the soil, With tyr - an - ny's min - ions a - gain; 'Tis the war - ring of Right and of Might, brother, 'Tis the
 time to her trust, Re - count - ed our shame, and our wrong; But joy to the hopes of the hour, brother, O,
 coun - try and cause, Is break - ing in brightness a - way. A - loft o'er the prairie it gleams, brother, A -

spir - it shall cheer us to - day, Our slumbers are o - ver, we charge for the right, And mo - nop - o - lies' power must give way.
 warring of Right and of Might, And the banner that leads our vic - to - ri - ous hosts Shall be pure and untainted from the fight.
 joy to the hopes of the hour, That sees a new birthday of lib - er - ty dawn, And the death of mo - nop - o - lies' power.
 -loft o'er the prairie it gleams, And mountain, and val - ley, and deep rolling flood, Is a - live in the flush of its beams.

TOIL ON, LABORER.

Words by Mrs. M. A. PRATT.

75

DUET.

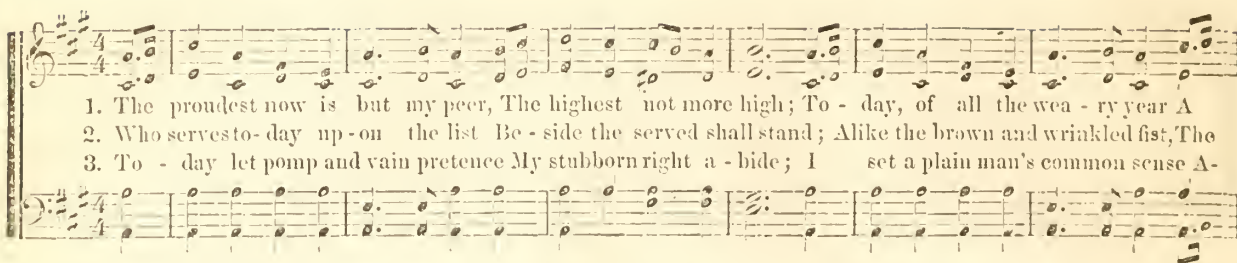
1. Toil on, wea - ry, sunburned la - b'rer, Du - ty, hand in hand with life, Points to broad - er
 2. Yet our Ma - ker was a Workman; How from cha - os still and grand, Came there forth the
 3. And the sev - enth day He rest - ed, Lab'ers, so shall come our night; And our toil-stained

fields of conquest, On thro' ways with la - bor rife. Ear - ly morn and mist - y ev - en Waits to hear thy
 land and wa - ter, Formed by his Al - might - y hand. So from shapes un-couth and rugged, Forms of beau - ty
 hands be fold - ed O - ver gar - ments pure and white. Toil on, wea - ry, sunburued la-b'rer, Du - ty, hand in

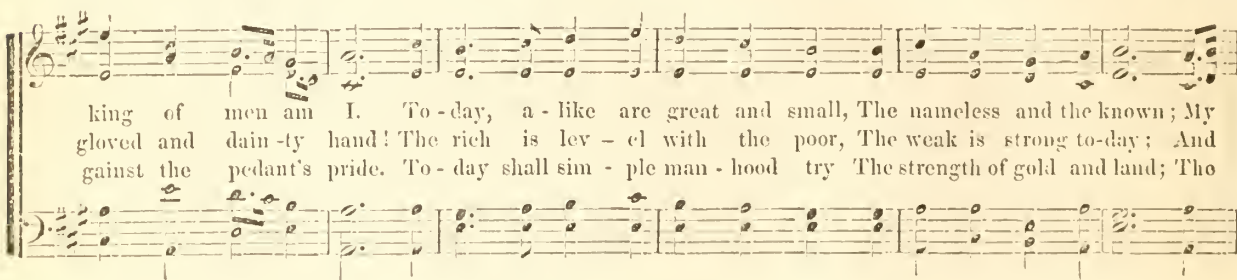
stead - y tread, Hearts may fail and hands may wea - ry, Toil - ing for our dai - ly bread.
 spring to birth, Till our fields and homes are la - den With the rich - es of the earth.
 hand with life, Points to broad - er fields of con - quest. On thro' ways with la - bor rife.

THE LABORER ON ELECTION DAY.

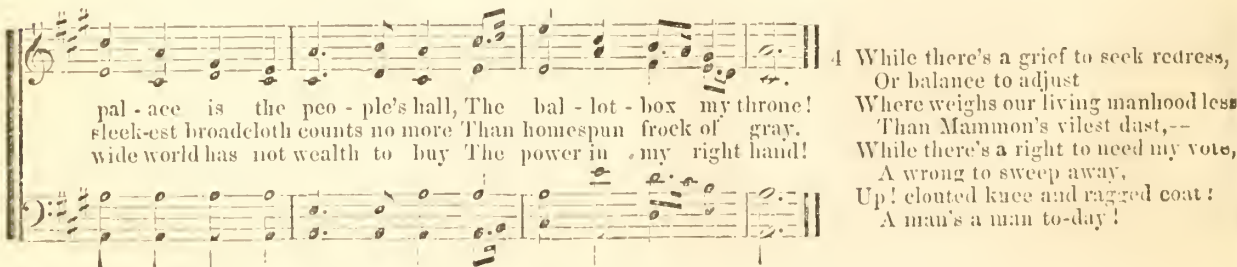
Music G. F. ROOT.



1. The proudest now is but my peer, The highest not more high; To - day, of all the wea - ry year A
 2. Who serves to - day up - on the list Be - side the served shall stand; Alike the brown and wrinkled fist, The
 3. To - day let pomp and vain pretence My stubborn right a - bid; I set a plain man's common sense A -



king of men am I. To - day, a - like are great and small, The nameless and the known; My
 gloved and dain - ty hand! The rich is lev - el with the poor, The weak is strong to - day; And
 gainst the pedant's pride. To - day shall sim - ple man - hood try The strength of gold and land; Tho



pal - ace is the peo - ple's hall, The bal - lot - box my throne!
 sleek - est broadcloth counts no more Than homespun frock of gray.
 wide world has not wealth to buy The power in my right hand!

4 While there's a grief to seek redress,
 Or balance to adjust
 Where weighs our living manhood less
 Than Mammon's vilest dast, --
 While there's a right to need my vote,
 A wrong to sweep away,
 Up! clouted knee and ragged coat!
 A man's a man to - day!

1. Whom do we call our he-ros? To whom our prais-es sing? The pampered child of for-tune, The ti-tled lord or
2. Who spans the earth with i-ron? Who rears the pal-ace dome? Who cre-ates for the rich man The comforts of his

king? They live by oth-ers' la-bor, Take all and nothing give; The noblest types of manhood Are they that work to live.
home? It is the pa-tient toil-er: All hon-or to him then; The true wealth of the na-tion, Is in her working men.

CHORUS.

Then hon-or to our work-ing men, The har-dy sons of toil, The he-ros of the workshop And the monarchs of the soil.

3 For many barren ages
Earth hid her treasures deep,
And all her giant forces
Seemed bound as in a sleep;
Then Labor's anvil chorus
Broke on the startled air,
And lo! the earth in rapture
Laid all her riches bare.

4 'Tis toil that over nature
Gives man his proud control:
It purifies and hallows
The temple of the soul:
It scatters foul diseases,
With all their ghastly train:
Puts iron in the muscle,
And crystal in the brain.

5 The great Almighty Builder
Who fashioned out this earth,
Has stamped His seal of honor
On labor from her birth.
In every angel flower
That blossoms from the sod,
Behold the master touches,
The handy work of God.

HURRAH FOR ILLINOIS!

1. In the storm of war that swept like a tem-pest from the South, Where'er the i-ron hail From the deadly cannon's mouth
2. Hope of the toil-ing slave, Stout vanguard of the free, Once more you ranks a-rise, Once more for lib-er-ty
3. For-got-ten now the hate That mark'd those bloody days, Shoulder to shoul-der march The blue coats and the greys;
4. Let the good fight still go on, Till labor's wrongs shall cease, Till from the weak, the strong Their sordid grasp release;

Fell thick-est, there be sure, Fought our gallant prai-rie boys, And many a field was won 'Mid hurrahs for Il-li-nois!
Your stalwart blows ring out, While sad hearts leap for joy, And ech-o back the shout, Hur-rah for Il-li-nois!
While far New England's sons Fast in-to line de-ploy, And send the greeting back, Hur-rah for Il-li-nois!
Till our fair land, in-deed, Is Freedom's pride and joy, Speed the good work, then, and cry, Hur-rah for Il-li-nois!

'Mid hurrahs for Il-li-nois! Hurrah for Il-li-nois! And many a field of war was won 'Mid hurrahs for Il-li-nois!
And ech-o back the shout, Hurrah for Il-li-nois! And ech-o back the joy-ful shout, Hur-rah for Il-li-nois!
And send the greeting back, Hurrah for Il-li-nois! And send the cor-dial greeting back, Hur-rah for Il-li-nois!
Speed the good work, then, and cry, Hurrah for Il-li-nois! Speed the good work, then, and loudly cry, Hur-rah for Il-li-nois!

THE WHISTLING FARMER BOY.

G. F. Root.

79

Allegretto.

1. See the mer-ry farm-er boy Tramp the meadow thro', Swing his hoe in care-less joy, While dash-ing off the dew;
2. When the bu-sy day's employ Ends at dew-y eve, Then the hap-py farm-er boy Doth haste his work to leave;
3. Farm-er boy is blithe and gay Morn-ing, noon or night,—Song or glee or roun-de-lay He's whistling with de-light;

Bob - o - link, in ma-ples high, Trills his notes of glee, Farm-er boy a gay re-ply Now whistles mer - ri - ly.
Trudging down the qui-et vale, Clim-b-ing o'er the hill, Whistling back the changeless wail Of plaintive Whip-poor-will.
Mer - ry heart so full of glee, O - ver-full of fun! Hear him whistling mer - ri - ly Un - til the day is done.

* *Interlude to be whistled.*

Piano or Organ. Play this accompaniment one or two octaves higher.

* Let all who can, whistle this interlude, both parts—don't laugh.

FRIENDS, DON'T RUN IN DEBT.

GEO. F. ROOT.

Allegretto.

1. Friends, don't run in debt; nev - er mind, nev - er mind, If your clothes are some fa - ded and torn: Fix 'em up, make them do, it is
 2. You know there's no com - fort in walking the street, In fine clothes, if you know you're in debt, If you feel that, perchance, you some
 3. Yes, the chain of a debt - or is hea - vy and cold, It has links all cor - ro - sion and rust; Gild it o'er as you will, it is
 4. If you've money to spare, I have noth - ing to say; Spend your dollars and dimes as you please; But just mind you, the man who his

bet - ter by far, Than the heart to be wea - ry and worn. Who will love you the more for the set of your hat, Or your
 per - son may meet, Who will sneer, "Oh, they're not paid for yet." Now good friends, let me beg of you, don't run in debt; If the
 nev - er of gold, Bet - ter spurn it a - side with dis - gust. And the man who's in debt is too oft - en a slave, Tho' his
 note has to pay, Is the man who is nev - er at ease. O! then take my ad - vice; it is good, it is true, But lest

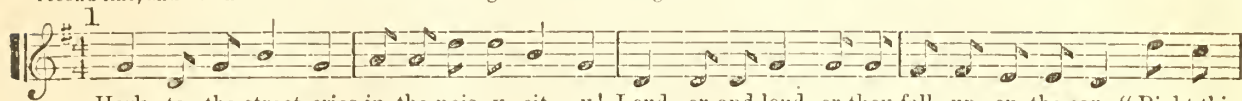
ruff, or the tie of your shoe, Or the shape of your vest, or your boots, or era - vat, If they know your in debt for the new?
 chairs and the so - fas are old, They will fit your back bet - ter than a - ny new set, That a - noth - er has more right to hold.
 heart may be hon - est and true; Can he hold up his head, and look fearless and brave, When a note he can't pay becomes due?
 some one a - mong you may doubt it, I will whis - per a se - cret now, see - ing 'tis you, I have tried it, and know all a - bout it.

CHICAGO STREET-CRIES. Round in Six Parts.

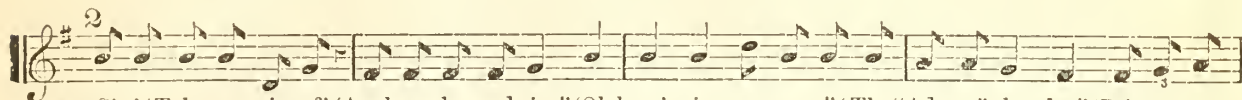
81

P. P. BLISS.

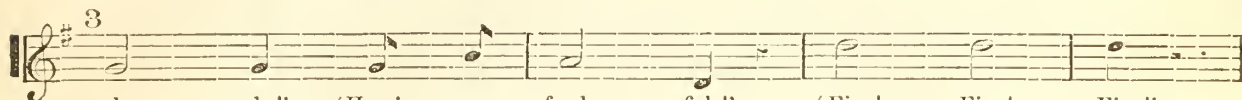
Six voices or divisions. Second voice begins when the first commences second line, third voice begins when second commences second line, and so on. Each voice or division sings the whole through twice.



Hark to the street-cries in the nois- y cit - y! Loud - er and loud - er they fall up - on the ear: "Right this



way, Sir, 'Take a carriage?' 'Apples, cakes and pies!' 'Oh, here's nice or-anges!' 'The "Adams" close by!' 'Bring out your



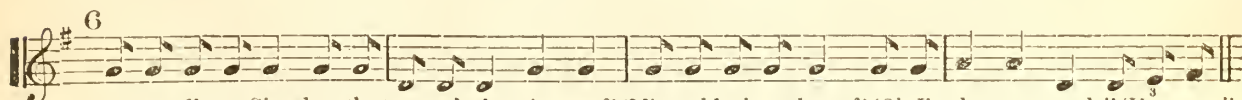
ole clo! 'Here's your fresh fish!' 'Fire! Fire! Fire!'



'Trib - e - une— Times, Eve - nine Jine - 'l— five - e - clock, Want some straw - aw - aw?'



'P'lice! P'lice! P'lice! P'lice!' 'Burlington an' Quin- cy cars!' 'Auc - tion! auc - tion!' 'Milk be - low!'



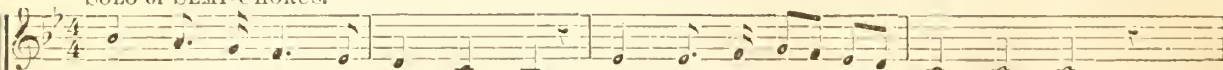
'Can you tell me, Sir, when the ten-o-clock train goes?' 'Mister, black yer boots!' 'Oh, I've lost my watch!' 'Hurry up!'

WHAT MAKES A MAN A GENTLEMAN?

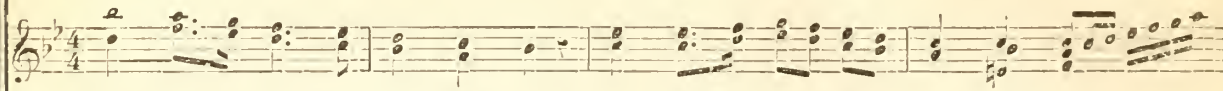
Words, GEORGE W. DUNGAY, Esq.

From Graded Singers, No. 3.
E. E. WHITTEMORE.

SOLO or SEMI-CHORUS.



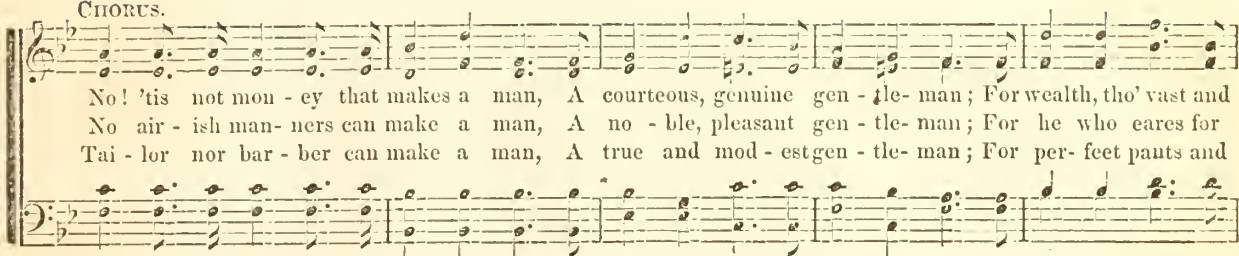
1. What makes a man a gen - tle - man? An - swer me tru - ly, if you can;
 2. What makes a man a gen - tle - man? An - swer me, an - y one who can;
 3. What makes a man a gen - tle - man? An - swer me, think - ers, if you can;



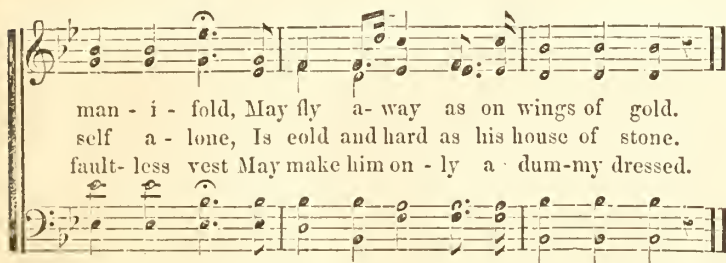
- Is it po - si - tion, wealth or fame, A big bank account or a ti - tled name?
 Is it a man - ner, brusque and blunt? Or is it a house with a brown stone front?
 Is it the tai - lor, with his skill? Or is it the o - dors that bar - bers spill?



CHORUS.



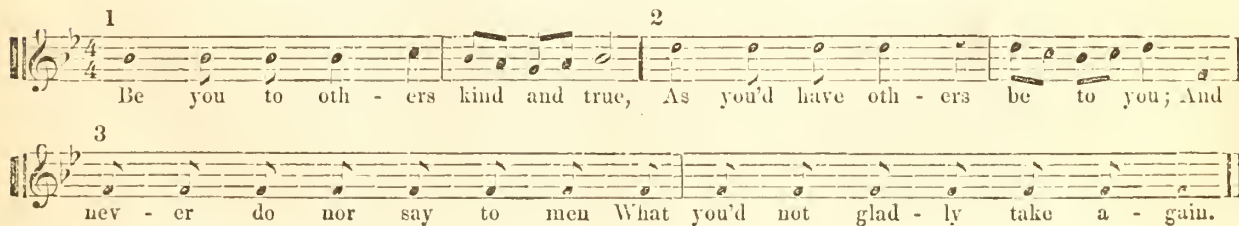
No! 'tis not mon - ey that makes a man, A courteous, genuine gen - tle - man; For wealth, tho' vast and
No air - ish man - ners can make a man, A no - ble, pleasant gen - tle - man; For he who eares for
Tai - lor nor bar - ber can make a man, A true and mod - est gen - tle - man; For per - feet pants and



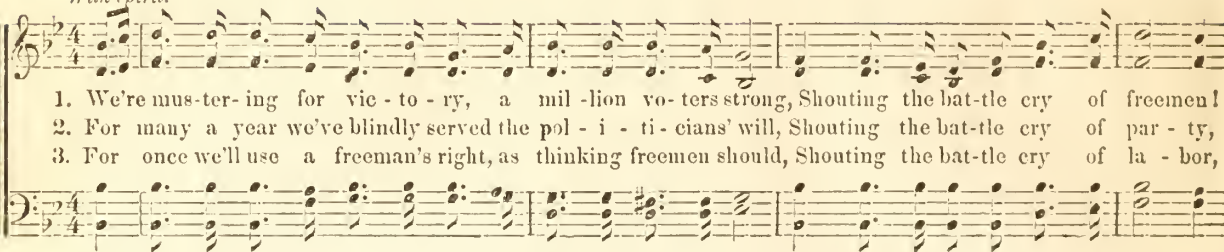
man - i - fold, May fly a - way as on wings of gold.
self a - lone, Is cold and hard as his house of stone.
fault - less vest May make him on - ly a - dum - my dressed.

4 What makes a man a gentleman?
Answer me, Christians, if you can;
Is it a sham or sheer pretense?
Or putting on airs just at your expense?
No! this is what makes the gentleman:
A heart to feel, a head to plan;
A gentle soul, a love sincere,
With heart to fight well our battles here.

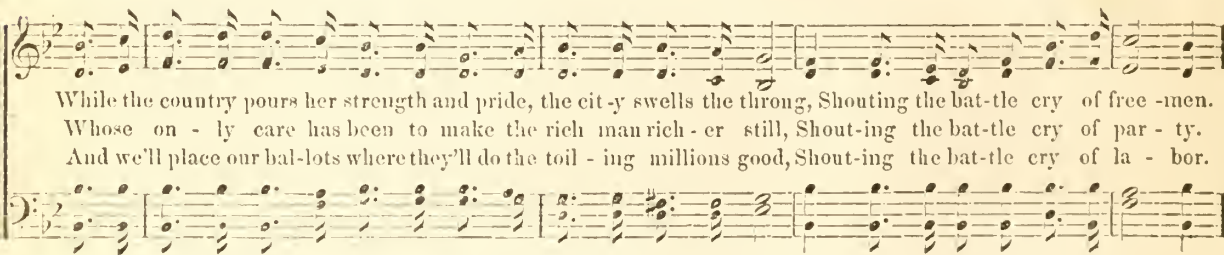
BE YOU TO OTHERS. (Round in three parts.)



1 Be you to oth - ers kind and true, As you'd have oth - ers be to you; And
2
3 nev - er do nor say to men What you'd not glad - ly take a - gain.

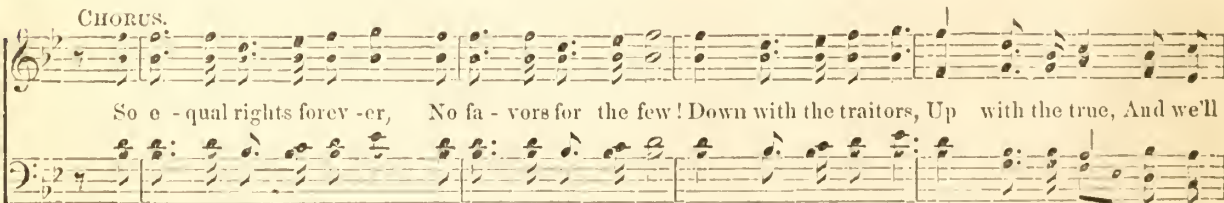
With spirit.


1. We're mus-ter-ing for vic-to-ry, a mil-lion vo-ters strong, Shouting the bat-tle cry of free-men!
 2. For many a year we've blindly served the pol-i-ti-cians' will, Shouting the bat-tle cry of par-ty,
 3. For once we'll use a freeman's right, as thinking freemen should, Shouting the bat-tle cry of la-bor,



While the country pours her strength and pride, the cit-y swells the throng, Shouting the bat-tle cry of free-men.
 Whose on-ly care has been to make the rich man rich-er still, Shout-ing the bat-tle cry of par-ty.
 And we'll place our bal-lots where they'll do the toil-ing millions good, Shout-ing the bat-tle cry of la-bor.

CHORUS.



So e-equal rights forev-er, No fa-vors for the few! Down with the traitors, Up with the true, And we'll

ral - ly at the polls, yes, we'll ral - ly once a - gain, Shouting the bat - tle cry of free - men.

RESOLUTION.

P. P. BLISS.

Moderato.

1. If you've a - ny task to do, task to do, task to do, Let me whis - per, friend, to you,
2. If you've a - ny thing to say, thing to say, thing to say, True and need - ed, yea or nay,

Do it, do it, do it, do it.
Say it, say it, say it, say it.

3 If you've any good to give,
Good to give, good to give,
That another's joy may live,
Give it, give it, give it.

4 If you've any debt to pay,
Debt to pay, debt to pay,
Rest you neither night nor day,
Pay it, pay it, pay it.

DUET.

1. Oh, what were life with none to cheer us, With kind words and smiles on our way,..... With
 2. Each one of us owns to some fail - ing, Tho' some may have more than the rest,..... But
 3. Oh, say a kind word then when - ev - er 'Twill make the heart cheerful and glad ;..... But

friends who are faithful - ly near us, That heed not what others may say ? The bravest of spir - its have
 why go on needless - ly railing 'Gainst those who are striving their best ? Remem - ber, a word spoke coun -
 chief - ly, for - get it, oh nev - er, To the one that is hopeless and sad ; There's no word so ea - sy in

oft - en Half failed in the race that they ran, For a kind word life's hardships to soften, Then
 - plain - ing May blight every ef - fort and plan, Which kind words would help in attaining, Then
 say - ing, So begin if you nev - er be - gan, And do not in life be de - lay - ing To

CHORUS.

say a kind word when you can. Then say a kind word when you can, Oh, say a kind word when you can.

Say a kind word, Say a kind word,

For a kind word life's hardships may soft-en, Then say a kind word when you can, when you can.

life's hardships may soften,

Repeat pp ad lib.

“O MUSIC, SWEET MUSIC.” Round in Three Parts.

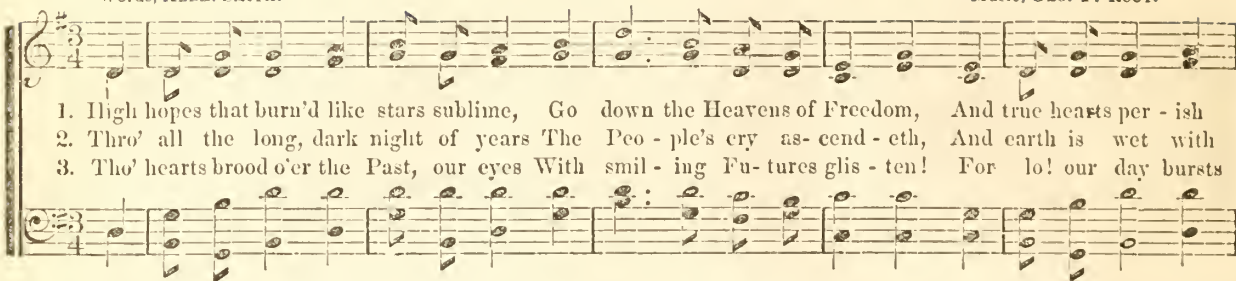
O mu - sic, sweet mu - sic, thy prais - es we'll sing, And we'll tell of the

pleas - ure and glad - ness you bring, Mu - sic, mu - sic, glad - ness you bring.

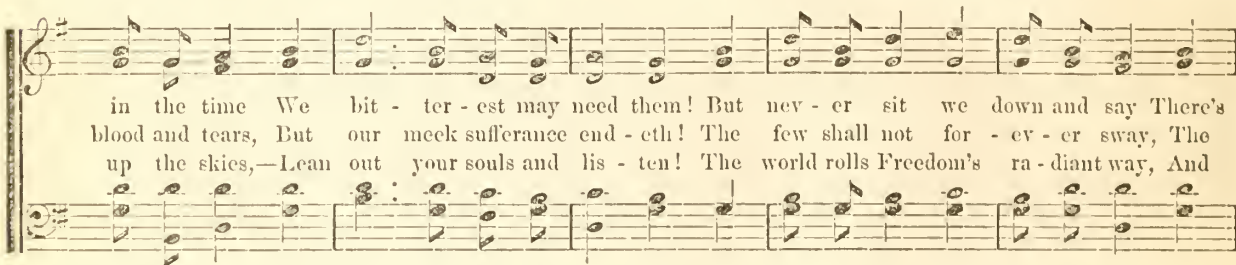
TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

Words, ALEX. SMITH.

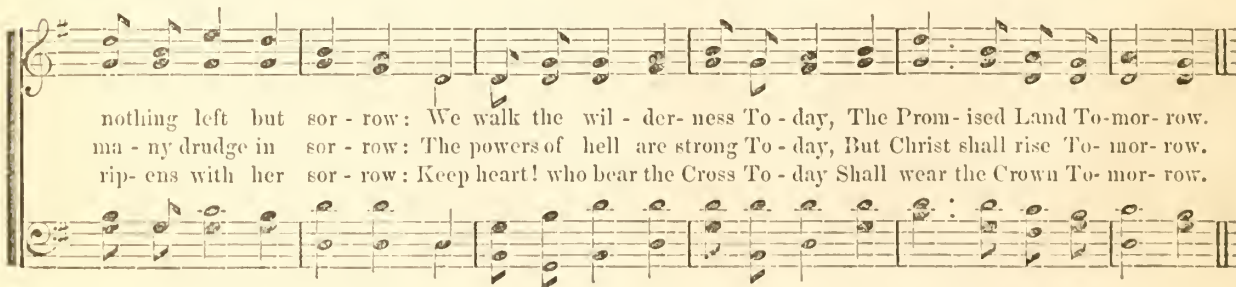
Music, GEO. F. ROOT.



1. High hopes that burn'd like stars sublime, Go down the Heavens of Freedom, And true hearts per - ish
 2. Thro' all the long, dark night of years The Peo - ple's cry as - cend - eth, And earth is wet with
 3. Tho' hearts brood o'er the Past, our eyes With smil - ing Fu - tures glis - ten! For lo! our day bursts



in the time We bit - ter - est may need them! But nev - er sit we down and say There's
 blood and tears, But our meek sufferance end - eth! The few shall not for - ev - er sway, The
 up the skies,—Lean out your souls and lis - ten! The world rolls Freedom's ra - diant way, And



nothing left but sor - row: We walk the wil - der - ness To - day, The Prom - ised Land To - mor - row.
 ma - ny drudge in sor - row: The powers of hell are strong To - day, But Christ shall rise To - mor - row.
 rip - ens with her sor - row: Keep heart! who bear the Cross To - day Shall wear the Crown To - mor - row.

WATCHWORDS.


From the "Glory." G. F. ROOT. 89

These solos may be sung by single voices.


1. *Hope* while there's a hand to strike! *Dare* while there's a young heart brave; *Toil* while there's a
 2. *See* that there's a work for each; *Learn* that there is strength in God; *Know* that there's a
 3. *Love* when there's a foe that wrongs; *Help* when there's a brother's need; *Watch* when there's a

task unwrought; *Trust* while there's a God to save. Yes, HOPE! DARE! TOIL! TRUST! These are watchwords
 crown reserved; *Wait*, tho'neath the cloud and rod. Yes, SEE! LEARN! KNOW! WAIT! These are watchwords
 tempt - er near; *Pray*, both in thy word and deed. Yes, LOVE! HELP! WATCH! PRAY! Let us all these


ritard.
 true and just, These are watchwords true and just, These are watchwords true and just.
 true and great, These are watchwords true and great, These are watchwords true and great.
 words o - bey, Let us all these words o - bey, Let us all these words o - bey.

March time.


1. Rouse, brothers, rouse, the way is long be-fore us, Free as the winds we live to roam;
 2. Mead-ows and hills, and splendid ancient woodlands, Of-fer us pas-ture, fruit and corn;
 3. Fair el-bow-room for men like us to thrive in, Wide el-bow-room for work or play;



Far thro' the prair-ie, and farther thro' the for-est, O-ver the mountains we'll find a home.
 Need-ing our presence, and court-ing hon-est la-bor, Why should we lin-ger like men for-lorn?
 If cit-ies fol-low by track-ing in our footsteps, Ev-er to westward shall point our way.

CHORUS.


We are pi-o-neers, We are pi-o-neers, And we'll show you where the world shall live in future years.

Musical score for 'We are Pioneers'. The score is written for a piano and voice. The piano part is in the left hand, and the voice part is in the right hand. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 2/4. The music is in a major key. The lyrics are: 'We are pi - o-neers, We are pi - o-neers, Go - ing where the world shall live in fu - ture years.'

INFLUENCE.

Music by G. F. ROOT.

Moderato.

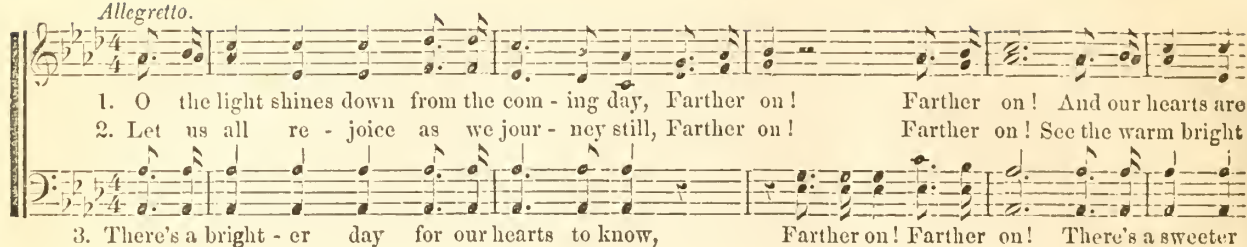
Musical score for 'Influence'. The score is written for a piano and voice. The piano part is in the left hand, and the voice part is in the right hand. The key signature is two flats (Bb, Eb), and the time signature is 6/8. The music is in a major key. The lyrics are: '1. What if the lit - tle rain should say, "So small a drop as I Can ne'er re - fresh those
2. What if a shin - ing beam of noon, Should in its foun - tain stay, Because its fee - ble
3. Doth not each rain - drop help to form The cool, re - fresh - ing shower, And ev - 'ry ray of

Musical score for 'Influence'. The score is written for a piano and voice. The piano part is in the left hand, and the voice part is in the right hand. The key signature is two flats (Bb, Eb), and the time signature is 6/8. The music is in a major key. The lyrics are: 'thirst - y fields, I'll tar - ry in the sky. I'll tar - ry in the sky, I'll tar - ry in the sky.
light a - lone Can not ere - ate a day? Can not ere - ate a day? Can not create a day?
light to warm And beau - ti - fy the flower? And beau - ti - fy the flower? And beau - ti - fy the flower?

O THE LIGHT SHINES DOWN FARTHER ON.

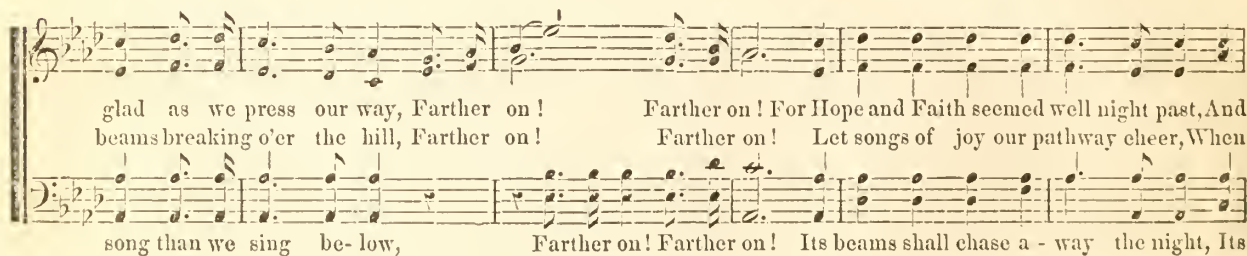
JAMES R. MURRAY.

Allegretto.



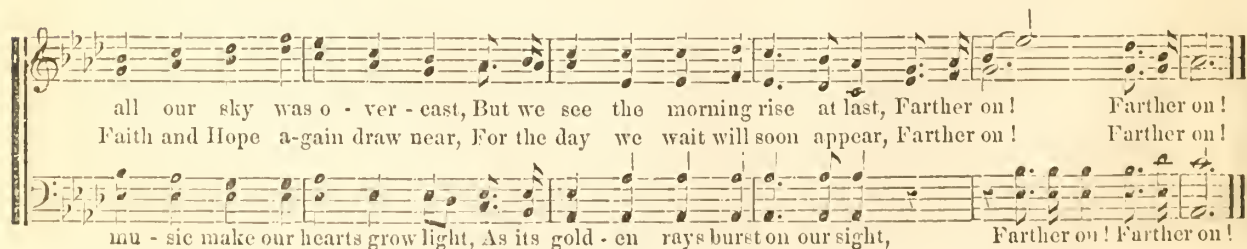
1. O the light shines down from the com - ing day, Farther on! Farther on! And our hearts are
 2. Let us all re - joice as we jour - ney still, Farther on! Farther on! See the warm bright

3. There's a bright - er day for our hearts to know, Farther on! Farther on! There's a sweeter



glad as we press our way, Farther on! Farther on! For Hope and Faith seemed well night past, And
 beams breaking o'er the hill, Farther on! Farther on! Let songs of joy our pathway cheer, When

song than we sing be - low, Farther on! Farther on! Its beams shall chase a - way the night, Its



all our sky was o - ver - cast, But we see the morning rise at last, Farther on! Farther on!
 Faith and Hope a - gain draw near, For the day we wait will soon appear, Farther on! Farther on!

mu - sic make our hearts grow light, As its gold - en rays burst on our sight, Farther on! Farther on!

THE TRUMPET WILL SOUND IN THE MORNING.

93

Words and Music by G. F. R.

Keep steadily through without losing the time between the verses.

1. Oh, we must be read-y by night, For the trumpet will sound in the morning, We must work while 'tis
2. Be sure that your arm-or is strong, For the trumpet will sound in the morning, Nev-er mind tho' the
3. Yes, on till we draw the last breath, For the trumpet will sound in the morning. If the vic-to-ry

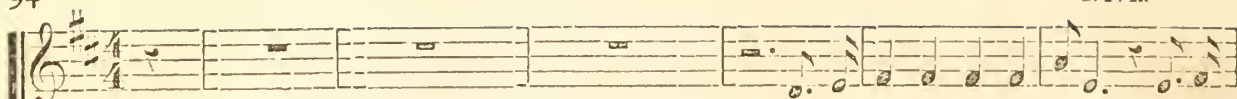
CHORUS.

called the light, For the trumpet will sound in the morn-ing. Oh, the day is near at hand, Ev-'ry
bat-tle be long, For the trumpet will sound in the morn-ing. Oh, the day is near at hand, Ev-'ry
come not till death, For the trumpet will sound in the morn-ing. Oh, the day is near at hand, Ev-'ry

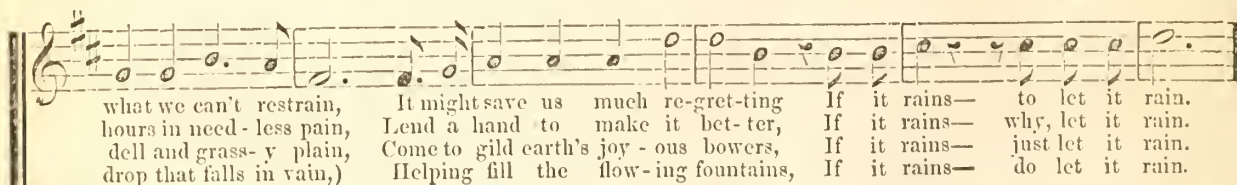
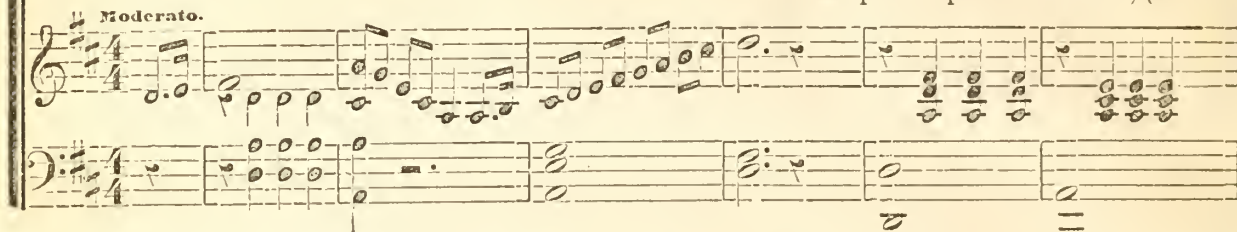
hill and vale a-dorning, Then press right on with all your might, For the trumpet will sound in the morning.

LET IT RAIN.

G. F. R.



1. What's the use of so much fretting O-ver
2. Say not that the world's a fetter, Spending
3. Herb and tree, the plants and flowers, Blooming
4. Rains are poured upon the mountains, (Not a



LET IT RAIN.—Concluded.

95

CHORUS.

Let it rain, let it rain, Let it rain, let it rain,

Let it rain,..... Let it rain,.....

Let it rain, Let it rain,

This block contains the first system of the chorus. It features four staves: a soprano staff (treble clef, one sharp), an alto staff (treble clef, one sharp), a tenor staff (treble clef, one sharp), and a bass staff (bass clef, one sharp). The lyrics are written below the staves, with the first line of lyrics spanning the first two staves and the second line spanning the last two staves. The music is in 4/4 time and consists of eighth and quarter notes.

It will save us much re - gret - ting, If it rains— to let it rain, let it rain.

It will save us much re - gret - ting, If it rains— to let it rain, let it rain.

This block contains the second system of the chorus. It features the same four staves as the first system. The lyrics are written below the staves, with the first line of lyrics spanning the first two staves and the second line spanning the last two staves. The music continues with eighth and quarter notes, ending with a double bar line.

WHAT WILL THE PEOPLE SAY?

Words and Music by "DIXIES."

Printed in sheet form, with prelude and accompaniment, by GEO. F. ROOT & SONS, 109 State St., Chicago.

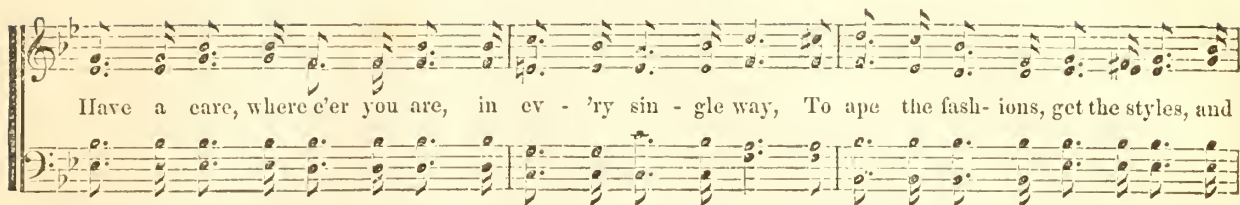
1. It's nev - er best to have a mind ex - elu - sive - ly your own, Nev - er in the pres - ence of your
 2. Don't let a sin - gle chance go by to show how much you know, With your speech mix French and Latin
 3. Oh, don't al - low sweet Em - ma Jane to learn to sew or knit, Dressed in frills and la - ces, in the

neighbors feel at home; At parties you must follow "styles," and act in some strange way, For if you seem quite
 ev - 'ry - where you go; Say you were ed - u - ca - ted in some col - lege far away, For if they think you're
 par - lor make her sit, Or let her prom - e - nade the streets bedecked in fine ar - ray, For if she learns some

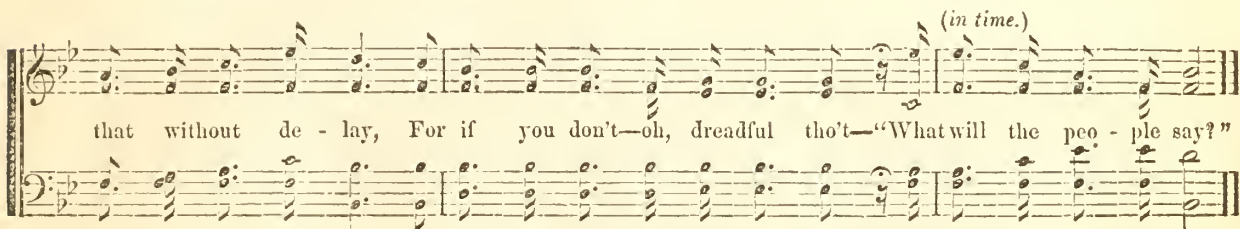
prompt time after pause. CHORUS.

nat - u - ral— oh, "What will peo - ple say?" Poor folks, rich folks, mil - lion aires and ev - 'ry bod - y,
 home - bread folks, "What will the peo - ple say?" Poor folks, rich folks, mil - lion - aires and ev - 'ry bod - y,
 use - ful work, oh, "What will peo - ple say?" Poor folks, rich folks, mil - lion - aires and ev - 'ry bod - y,

WHAT WILL THE PEOPLE SAY. Concluded.



Have a care, where e'er you are, in ev - 'ry sin - gle way, To ape the fash - ions, get the styles, and



that without de - lay, For if you don't—oh, dreadful tho't—"What will the peo - ple say?" (in time.)

ENCORE VERSES.

(One or both of these verses may be used as encore, or may be substituted in the song.)

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 If poor and lowly people need a little of your cash,
Say, "begone, I can't be bothered with such common trash."
But for some useless thing subscribe, and hundreds throw away,
And think with pride, while doing so, "What will the people say?"
Poor folks, &c.</p> | <p>2 Be very sure that you assume a patronizing tone,
To the one whose purse you think is lighter than your own;
And when I've sung this little song, don't be offended, pray,
I've meant no harm, and now must stop, or 'What will people say?'
Poor folks, &c.</p> |
|---|--|

AS A BAND OF BROTHERS. (Round in three parts.)

G. F. R.



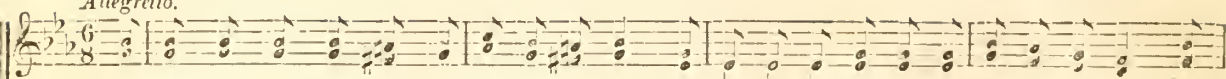
As a band of broth - ers joined, One in heart and one in mind, Peace and safe - ty we shall find.

By permission of
S. BRAINARD'S SONS.

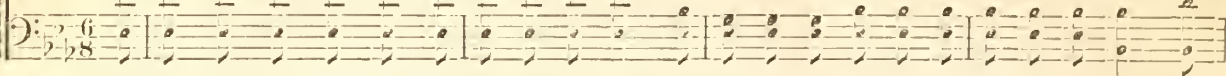
A HUNDRED YEARS HENCE.

From a song by
JOHN W. HUTCHINSON.

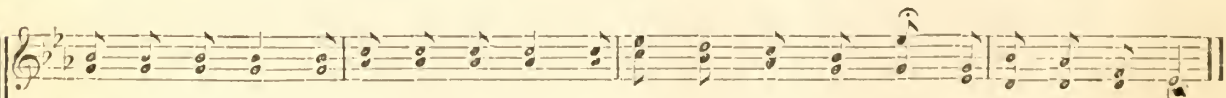
Allegretto.



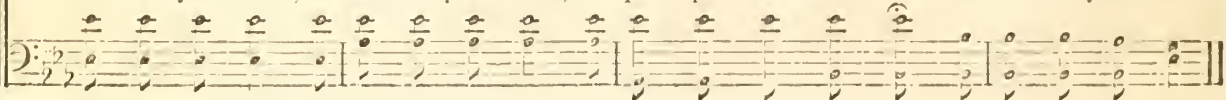
1. A hundred years hence, what a change will be made, In pol - i - ties, morals, re - lig - ion, and trade ; In
2. All cheating and fraud will be laid on the shelf ; We'll neither get drunk, nor be bound up in self. The
3. In - stead of speech-making to rat - i - fy wrong, We'll join the glad chorus to sing freedom's song ; And



statesmen who wrangle, or ride on the fence—Such things will be banished, a hundred years hence. A
pleasure of sinning, 'tis all a pretense—Such things will be banished, a hundred years hence. A
if the mil - len - ni - um's not a pretense, The peo - ple will see it a hundred years hence. A



hundred years hence, a hundred years hence, Such things will be banished a hundred years hence.
hundred years hence, a hundred years hence, Such things will be banished a hundred years hence.
hundred years hence, a hundred years hence, The peo - ple will see it a hundred years hence.

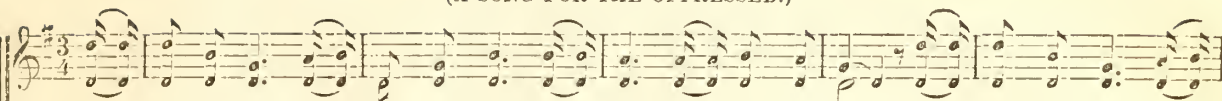


FILL HIGH.

Words furnished by Mrs. S. M. SMITH.

99

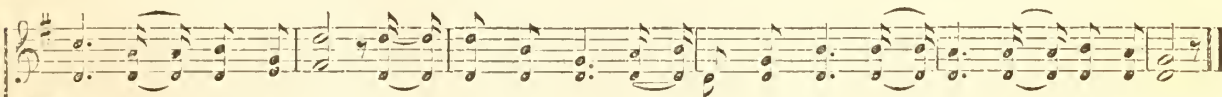
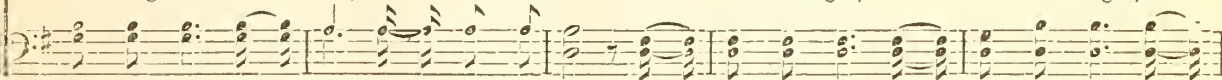
(A SONG FOR THE OPPRESSED.)



1. Fill high to-night, with wa - ter bright; The toast on our lips shall be: "Just meed of toil for the
2. We have asked the page of a no - bler age. For a hope se - cure and bright, And the spell it gave to the
3. Then, by all the dead who for Freedom bled, And by all that we hold di - vine, Our cause shall stand; for in



sons of the soil, Our fields and our firesides free. Tho' the cow - ard pale, like a girl may wail, And
toil - ing slave Was in one word, "U - nite!" Tho' the wind howl free o'er a sin - gle tree, Till it
one strong band Of broth - ers will we com - bine. Then fill to-night, with wa - ter bright, The



sleep in his chains for years, Our eek - oed mirth will pass o'er earth With balm for a nation's tears.
bends be - neath its frown, For many a day it will howl a - way, Ere a for - est be stricken down.
toast on our lip shall be: "Just meed of toil to the sons of the soil, Our fields and our firesides free."



LORD LOVELL, THE PLOW MAKER.

Words by Mrs. S. M. SMITH.

With melancholy for Lord Lovell.

1. Lord Lovell, he sat with his trus - ty ring, In the midst of the ring sat he, As fine a
 2. Lord Lovell, the mid-dle-men vowed to de-fend, And the pa-pers they printed his vow: He swore that John
 3. He swore by white and he swore by black, And he swore by the heavens so blue That he never would

case of a corporate king As ev-er you'd wish to see, see, see, As ev-er you'd wish to see.
 Hayseed might die in the furrow Be-fore he would sell him a plow, plow, plaw, Before he would sell him a plow.
 fly from the Hay-seed pack While a middleman proved himself true, true, true, While a middleman proved himself true.

4 He had full fifty thousand middlemen,
 Fifty thousand men had he;
 And they all swore with him that they'd
 never surrender
 To any hayseed army, my, my,
 To any hayseed army.

5 "Tis not for myself," Lord Lovell he cries,
 "But I'll fight to the death for you,
 For if John Hayseed should stop the sup-
 plies,

Why, what in the world would you do, do, do
 Why, what in the world would you do?

6 You've got to have carriages, horses, cigars,
 You've got to have houses and things,
 And we shall continue to foot all the bills,
 Or what is the use of our rings, rings,
 Or what is the use of our rings."

7 "Now tarry, Lord Lovell," John Hayseed
 he said,

"And listen to reason, do,
 You know I've no use for your middlemen,
 It's enough to pay tribute to you, you, you,
 It's enough to pay tribute to you."

8 "You shall pay to both," Lord Lovell, he
 cried,

"While I of the ring am king,"
 "I rather think not," John Hayseed replied,
 "And I guess I must smash that ring,
 ring, ring,
 I guess I must smash that ring."

9 To arms, then, and the drums of the granges
 beat,

And the drums of the farmer's club,
 And Lord Lovell instantly began to retreat
 At the sound of the first rub-a-dub, dub, dub
 At the sound of the first rub-a-dub.

10 But the fifty thousand middlemen,
 Not one could the battle shirk,
 It was more than conquer or die with them,
 It was victory or work, work, work,
 It was victory or work.

11 O! a wonderful thing it was to see,
 A wonderful thing to be done,
 John Hayseed the whole fifty thousand
 took,

Without ever firing a gun, gun, gun,
 Without ever firing a gun.

12 For at the first sight of his new grange
 plow,

Every middleman laid down his arms,
 And now he has taken them into the grange,
 And they handle the plow on their farms,
 farms, farms,
 They handle the plow on their farms.

13 Lord Lovell kept running all day and all
 night,

Lord Lovell a running kept he, [slight
 For he vowed that he couldn't abide the
 Of such a rough looking army, my, my,
 Of such a rough looking army.

14 He was sick of the din John Hayseed made,
 He was tired of the whole hubbub,
 And he ran, till dead on the turf he was laid,
 By a cruel farmer's club, club, club,
 By a cruel farmer's club.

15 Now out of his grave the grass grows tall,
 The grass grows tall in the spring,
 'Tis sprinkled with hayseed every fall,
 And that is the end of the ring, ring,
 ring,
 And that is the end of the ring.

ECONOMY. (Round in four parts.)

101

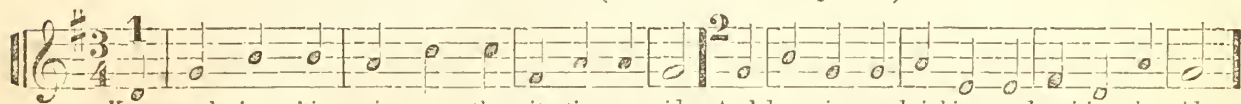


Says Wil - liam to Ju - lia, I live on your smiles, Your presence a - lone all my sor - row be-guiles ;

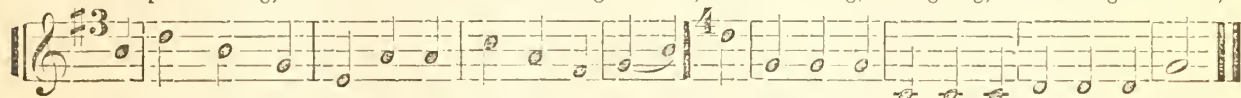


Says Ju - lia to Wil-liam, 'tis true tho' in rhyme, You live ve - ry cheap at this ve - ry dear time.

KEEP WORKING. (Round in four parts.)



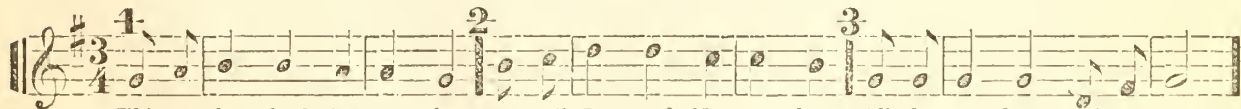
Keep work - ing, 'tis wis - er than sit - ting a - side, And dreaming, and sighing, and waiting the tide ;



In life's earn - est bat - tle they on - ly pre - vail, Who dai - ly march onward and nev - er say fail.

THIRTY DAYS. (Round in six parts.)

G. F. R.



Thir - ty days hath Sep - tem - ber, A - pril, June and Novem - ber, All the rest have thirty - one,



Sav - ing Feb - ru - a - ry a - lone, Which has twenty-eight all tho time, Ex - cept - ing leap year, twenty-nine.

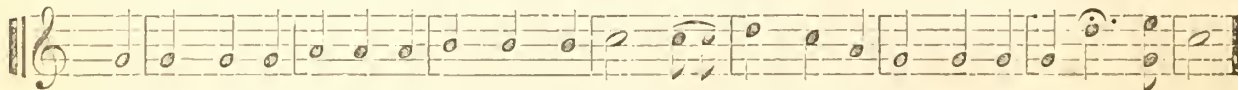
(A MUSICAL COLLOQUY FOR TWO VOICES.)

Published in sheet form, with prelude and accomp., by GEO. F. ROOT & SONS, 109 State St., Chicago.

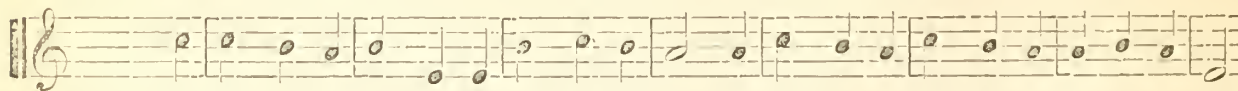
(Keep up the connection of the dialogue by giving the verses in the order of their numbers, without interlude. Speak the words distinctly.)

Lively.

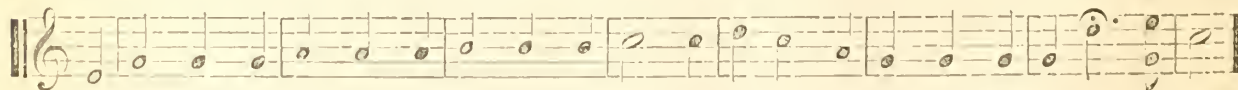
1. (Mrs. W.) So, so, Har-ry Williams, you've got home at last! Now, don't stop and tell me the clock is too fast;
 2. (Mr. W.) Now, Ma - ry, don't scold, for it's not ve - ry late; I'm sor - ry you tho't you must sit up and wait;
 3. (Mrs. W.) I don't mean to scold, but I think it's not right That I should be left here a - lone ev - 'ry night.
 5. (Mr. W.) Be - fore we were married, ah yes, it is true, I was as at - ten - tive as could be to you;
 7. (Mrs. W.) Oh, Har - ry, I know that you bear what I say, And nev - er talk back, tho' you do run a - way;



- You know it's too slow by ten min - utes or more, And I heard it strike twelve as you opened the door.
 It's real - ly too bad that I can't go down town, But when I get home I am met with a frown.
 Be - fore we were married you seemed ne'er to be So tir - ed of spending your evenings with me.
 And if at the present I'm not quite the same, I real - ly don't think I am whol - ly to blame.
 (Mr. W.) If you'd be con - tent with the best I can do, I'm sure to the tav - ern I nev - er would go.



4. (Mrs. W.) But then it is al - ways the way with you men, You're ve - ry at - ten - tive till marriage, and then
 6. (Mr. W.) You're apt to complain that we're poor, lit - tle wife, And sometimes remark that you're tied up for life,
 8. (Mrs. W.) Well, well, it is wrong for me so to complain, For tho' we are poor, you are not all to blame;



- You lounge a - bout tav - erns, and treat with neglect The ones that you've promised to love and pro - tect.
 Which, af - ter a day of hard la - bor, you see, Does not help to make my home pleasant to me.
 I'll make home more pleasant, and try to do right, If you will not go to the tavern at night.

Mrs. W.



9. A-greed, A-greed, A-greed, And we will so live that the unpleasant past Up-on the bright

Mr. W.



fu-ture no shadow shall east. We have a good home, may the Father a-bove As-sist us to make it a



dwelling of love, A dwelling of love, A dwelling of love, As-sist us to make it a dwelling of love.

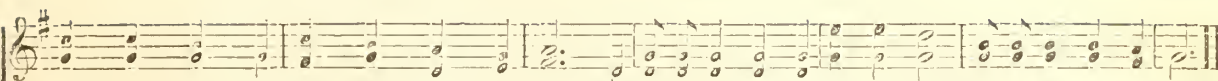


Moderato.

1. In storm or shine, two friends of mine Go forth to work or play, And when they vis - it
2. Who falls may stand, if right good hand Is first, not see - ond best; Who weeps may sing, if
3. With-out these twain, the poor com - plain Of e - vils hard to bear, But with them pov - er -

poor men's homes, They bless them by the way. 'Tis will - ing hand! 'tis cheer - ful heart! The two best friends I
kind - ly heart Has lodg - ing in his breast; The humblest board has dain - ties poured, When they sit down to
-ty grows rich, And finds a leaf to spare! Their looks are fire—their words in - spire—Their deeds give courage

know; A - round the hearth come joy and mirth Where'er their fa - ces glow. Come shine—'tis bright! come
dine; The crust they eat is hon - ey sweet, The wa - ter good as wine. They fill the purse with
high; A - bout their knees the children play, Or climb, they know not why. Who sails, or rides, or



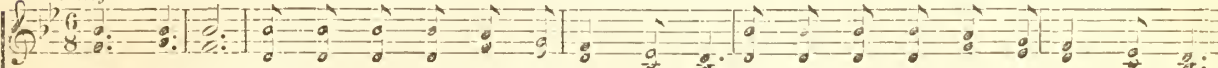
dark-'tis light! Come cold-'tis warm ere long! So heavi-ly fall the hammer stroke! Merrily sound the song!
 hon-est gold, They lead no crea-ture wrong; So heavi-ly fall the hammer stroke! Merrily sound the song!
 walks with them, Ne'er finds the jour-ney long; So heavi-ly fall the hammer stroke! Merrily sound the song!



EXCURSION SONG.

B. R. HANBY.

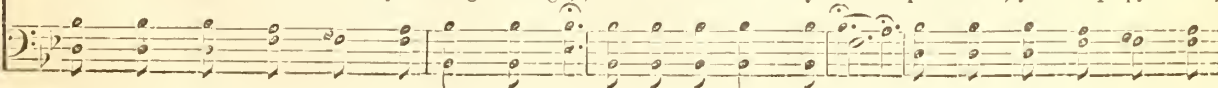
Allegretto.



1. Ho! ho! ho! Out to the beau-ti-ful groves we go; This is our fes-ti-val day, you know;
 2. Sing! sing! sing! Heaven shall smile at the praise we bring; For-est and meadow with mu-sic ring,
 3. Roam! roam! roam! Roam! oh, ye hap-py ones while ye may; Roam thro' the for-ests at will to-day,



Sweet shall our mel-o-dies float and flow, Out on the baln-y air: Bear them, ye breezes that
 Ech-o the ca-den-ces gracefully fling, Out on the baln-y air: Bear them a-leaf on her
 Pour-ing your shouts and your laugh-ter gay, Out on the baln-y air: Speed then, ye hap-py ones,



EXCURSION SONG. Concluded.

gent - ly blow, Seat - ter them ev - 'ry - where; Bear them, ye breez - es that gent - ly blow, gent - ly blow,
 sil - v'ry wing, Seat - ter them ev - 'ry - where; Bear them a - loft on her sil - v'ry wing, sil - v'ry wing,
 speed a - way, Seat - ter them ev - 'ry - where; Speed then, ye hap - py ones, speed a - way, speed a - way,

gent - ly blow; Bear them, ye breez - es that gent - ly blow, Seat - ter them ev - 'ry - where.
 sil - v'ry wing; Bear them a - loft on her sil - v'ry wing, Seat - ter them ev - 'ry - where.
 speed a - way, Speed then, ye hap - py ones, speed a - way, Seat - ter them ev - 'ry - where.

From the JOY.
Allegro

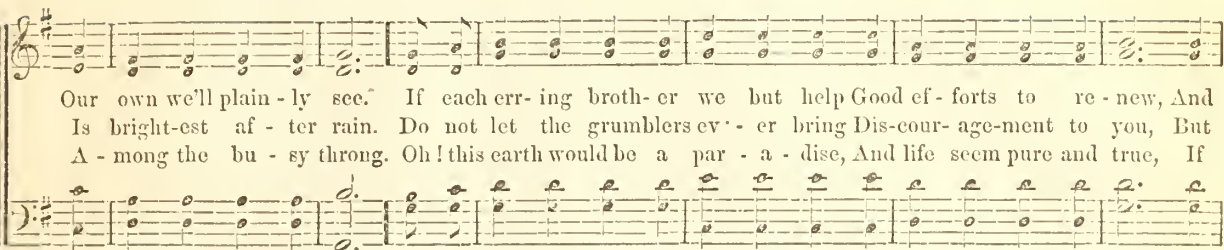
WHEN WE'VE NOTHING ELSE TO DO.

G. F. R.

1. If our du - ty here we strive to do, No leis - ure time there'll be, To talk about our neighbors' faults—
 2. When the days are filled with sorrow here, And life seems fraught with pain, Keep up good heart, the sun so bright,
 3. Oh! the time has nev - er come as yet For us to do a wrong; There's always something else to do

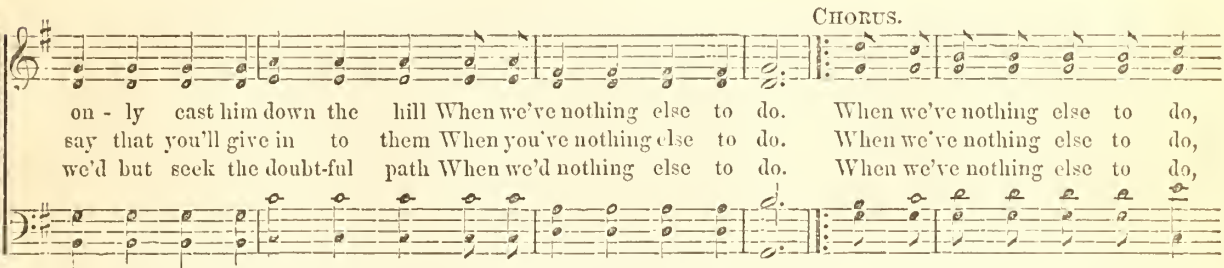
WHEN WE'VE NOTHING ELSE TO DO. Concluded.

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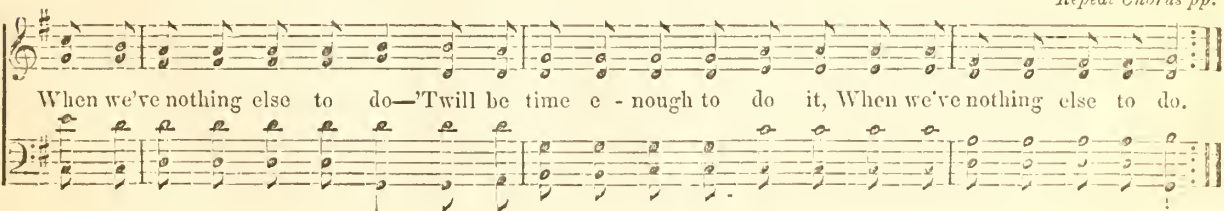
Our own we'll plain - ly see. If each err - ing broth - er we but help Good ef - forts to re - new, And
Is bright - est af - ter rain. Do not let the grumblers ev - er bring Dis - cour - age - ment to you, But
A - mong the bu - sy throng. Oh! this earth would be a par - a - dise, And life seem pure and true, If

CHORUS.



on - ly cast him down the hill When we've nothing else to do. When we've nothing else to do,
say that you'll give in to them When you've nothing else to do. When we've nothing else to do,
we'd but seek the doubt - ful path When we'd nothing else to do. When we've nothing else to do,

Repeat Chorus pp.



When we've nothing else to do—'Twill be time e - nough to do it, When we've nothing else to do.

THE GRAND MARCH OF THE BROTHERHOOD.

THE MARSEILLAISE.

SOLO or SEMI-CHORUS.

Words from "Songs for the Grange." By permission.

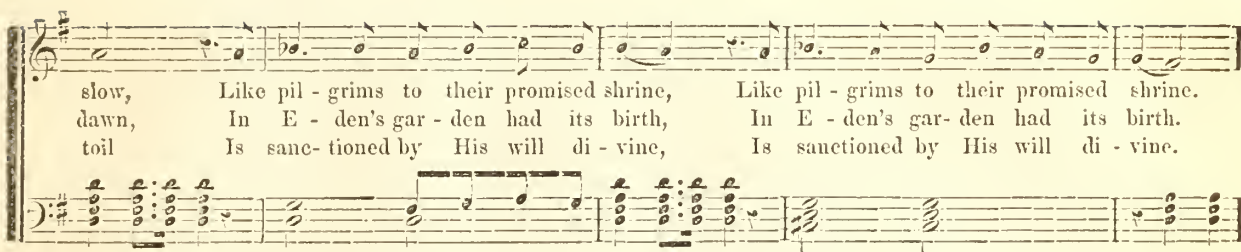
1. An Or-der brave and true of broth-er-hood, A gal-lant, firm and no-ble host, Is ral-lying
 2. What nerves the heart, what spurs the fly-ing feet Of these bold trav'lers in the way? What bow of
 3. Yes, in the ma-jes-ty and strength of *right*, In hon-or pure, in pur-pose true, They fling their

through this west-ern land, On to the far Pa-cif-ic coast; And si-lent-
 prom-ise in the sky Gives to-ken of a bright-er day! They are the
 glo-rious ban-ner out, The favoring gales of Heav'n to woo. Oh, He will

-ly as falls the snow, And stead-i-ly as sunbeams shine, They are mov-ing onward, sure and
 mon-archs of the soil, The noblest pow'rs that rule the earth, 'Twas their call-ing at cre-a-tion's
 bless who once has said: "Seed-time and harvest shall be thine;" For our glo-rious her-i-tage of

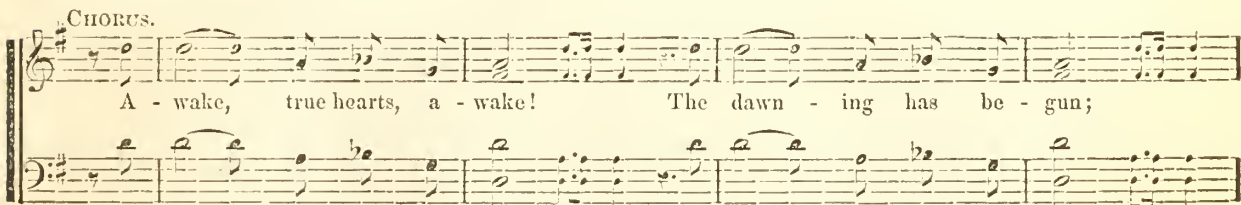
GRAND MARCH OF THE BROTHERHOOD. Concluded.

109



slow, Like pil - grims to their promised shrine, Like pil - grims to their promised shrine.
 dawn, In E - den's gar - den had its birth, In E - den's gar - den had its birth.
 toil Is sanc - tioned by His will di - vine, Is sanctioned by His will di - vine.

CHORUS.



A - wake, true hearts, a - wake! The dawn - ing has be - gun;

CHORUS.



March on, march on, ma - jes - tie and firm, Till vic - - - to - ry is won.
 Till vic - to - ry is.... won.

HARK TO THE CLARION!

Words, ROSETTA L. SUTTON.
From "Songs for the Grange." By permission.

SOLO or SEMI-CHORUS.

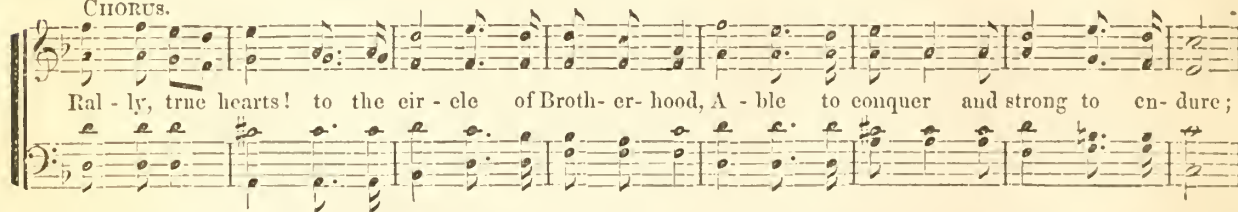


1. Hark to the clar-ion, the ech-oes a-wak-ing, Call-ing the brown-handed children of toil;
2. Cast off the chains that for a-ges have bound you, Break them like withes, in your God-giv-en pow'r;
3. Leave the old paths where your fathers, un-heed-ed, Wrought out ex-ist-ence 'mid pov-er-ty's pain;
4. Pun-ish the knave who has smil'd and betray'd you, Mas-ters! no long-er as sup-pli-ants sue;



Bright-ly the dawn of a new day is breaking, Rouse from your leth-ar-gy, sons of the soil!
Bear not the bur-dens of i-dlers a-round you, Crush'd, in con-fu-sion your Shylock's will cower!
Lo! in your hands are the keys that they need-ed, Let them not rust with in-ac-tion a-gain.
Grasp the warm hands that have reach'd out to aid you, Be to yourselves and hu-man-i-ty true.

CHORUS.



Ral-ly, true hearts! to the cir-cle of Broth-er-hood, A-ble to conquer and strong to en-dure;



Hon-or and truth are the Husband-man's her-i-tage, U-nion is strength, and the vic-t'ry sure!

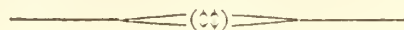


PIECES

FOR OPENING, CLOSING, TEMPERANCE, PATRIOTIC AND OTHER OCCASIONS,

ALSO

Additional Songs for the Hall and the Home Circle.



ALL TOGETHER AGAIN.

G. F. R.

Moderato.

1. All to-geth-er, all to-gether, Once, once again, Hearts and voices, light as ev-er, Join the welcome strain.
 2. Friendship's link is still unbroken, Bright is its chain; Where the parting word was spoken, Now we meet again.
 3. When the warning—we must sever—Comes once again, Yet in feel-ing true as ev-er, Shall our hearts remain.

CHORUS

O may we ev - er Keep our union pure and true, No more to sev - er Till our work in life is through.

OH, COME, COME AWAY.

Music, German.

1. Oh, come, come a-way, from la-lor now re-pos-ing, Let bu-sy care a-while for-bear, Oh,
 2. From toil and the cares on which the day is clos-ing. The hour of eve brings sweet reprieve, Oh,
 3. The bright day is gone, the moon and stars ap-pear-ing, With sil-ver light il-lume the night, Oh,

come, come a-way! Oh, come our so-cial joys re-new, And here, where trust and friendship grew, Let true hearts
 come, come a-way! In tones of love and sym-pa-thy, We'll sing in tune-ful har-mo-ny Of hope, joy,
 come, come a-way! We'll join in grate-ful songs of praise To Him who crowns our peaceful days With health, hope,

WE'VE MET ONCE MORE.

G. F. ROOT.

Cheerfully.
 welcome you; Oh, come, come a-way!
 lib-er-ty; Oh, come, come a-way!
 hap-pi-ness; Oh, come, come a-way!

1. We've met once more, good evening, friends and neighbors; Again we've gathered
 2. We've met once more; now let each voice a-wak-en, Each heart join in its
 3. We've met once more; each tho't and ac-tion guarded, Each word and ino-tive

WE'VE MET ONCE MORE. Concluded.

113



Here, To meet the is - sues of the hour With pur - po - ses sin - cere. Good evening, friends and neighbors, good evening!
thrill, That ev - 'ry pre - cious mo - ment now Its best use may ful - fil. Good evening, friends and neighbors, good evening!
pure Will give true pow'r to all we do, And make our vic - t'ry sure. Good evening, friends and neighbors, good evening!



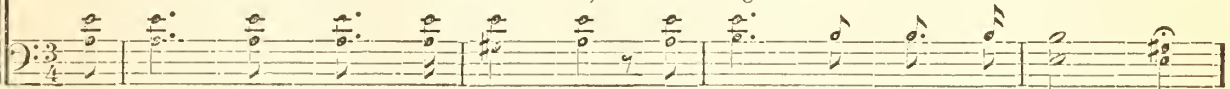
OUR BATTLE-CALL.

New words and arrangement.

Maestoso.



1. Be - hold the ban - ner o'er us, Be - hold the way be - fore us.
2. 'Tis Right and Free - dom call us, Shall fear or foe ap - pal us?
3. U - ni - ted now for - ev - er, Let nought our un - ion sev - er.



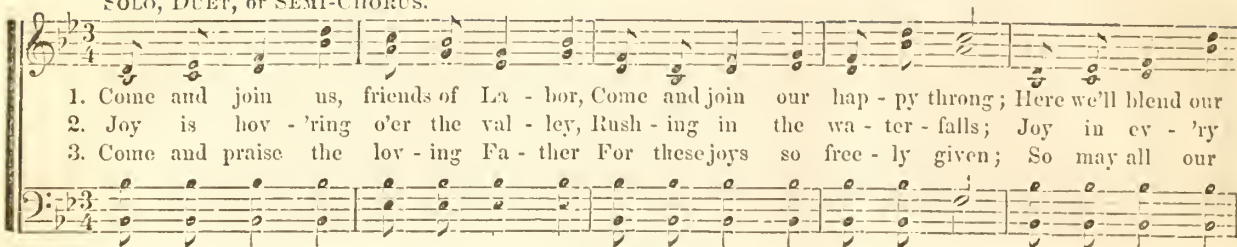
CHORUS.



On, brothers, one and all! E - qual rights our bat - tle call! Hur - rah! Hur - rah! Hur - rah!



SOLO, DUET, or SEMI-CHORUS.

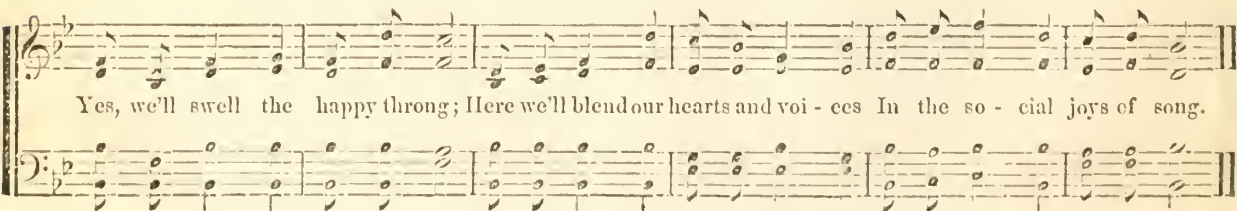


1. Come and join us, friends of La - bor, Come and join our hap - py throng; Here we'll blend our
 2. Joy is hov - 'ring o'er the val - ley, Rush - ing in the wa - ter - falls; Joy in ev - 'ry
 3. Come and praise the lov - ing Fa - ther For these joys so free - ly given; So may all our

CHORUS.



hearts and voi - ces In the so - cial joys of song.
 heart is glow - ing That with - in our cir - cle calls. Yes, we'll come and join the cho - rus,
 earth - ly bless - ings Help us to the joys of heaven.



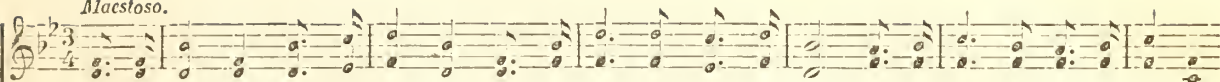
Yes, we'll swell the happy throng; Here we'll blend our hearts and voi - ces In the so - cial joys of song.

TO THE CONFLICT. (Temperance.)

Words and Music by
MISS R. G. PLUMMER.

115

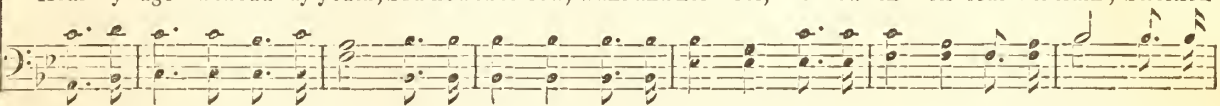
Maestoso.



1. To the con-flict! to the con-flict! Sound the toe-sin, call the brave Who would strike a blow for freedom,
2. Not the sheen of burnished ar-mor, Not the din of elash-ing steel, Not the thrill of mar-tial mu-sic,
3. Rise a-against that foe of manhood, Hon-or, pu-ri-ty and truth, Cut-ting down, by countless millions,



Who would home and country save! Ral-ly! mus-ter all your for-ces, For the foe is in the field; And to
Not the trump's a-lar-min peal; Not the beck of wav-ing ban-ners, Not the call of roll-ing drum—Not the
Hoar-y age and rud-dy youth; Shame and sorrow, want and hor-ror, Fol-low in its fear-ful train; Stricken



nought but dauntless courage Will the mighty legions yield.
breath of ra-ging can-non, 'Tis not these that bid you come.
wo-men, homeless children Gather round its heaps of slain.



- 4 Fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers,
From the battle do not shrink!
Let us fight to break the fetters
Binding man to demon drink;
And the God who watches o'er us,
Shall our strength and succor be,
Till the last slave of the wine-cup
From his bondage shall be free.

OH, TOUCH NOT THE CUP.

GEO. F. ROOT.

Earnestly.

1. Oh, touch not the cup, boys, the tempting cup of sin, Whether filled by a friend or a foe, But
 2. Oh, dare from the custom of fashion to de-part, When it leads where the pure may not go, But
 3. Oh, list to the warning as gent-ly giv-en now, Do not wait for the last fa-tal blow, But

dare when the temp-ter is try-ing you the most, Dare no-bly to an-swer him no!

CHORUS.

my broth - er, my broth-er, Oh,

Oh, touch not the cup, my broth - er, Tho' beauty fills it up, my broth-er, Oh,

The musical score for the chorus is written on three staves. The top staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The middle staff is a piano accompaniment in treble clef. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: "my broth - er, my broth-er, Oh, Oh, touch not the cup, my broth - er, Tho' beauty fills it up, my broth-er, Oh,"

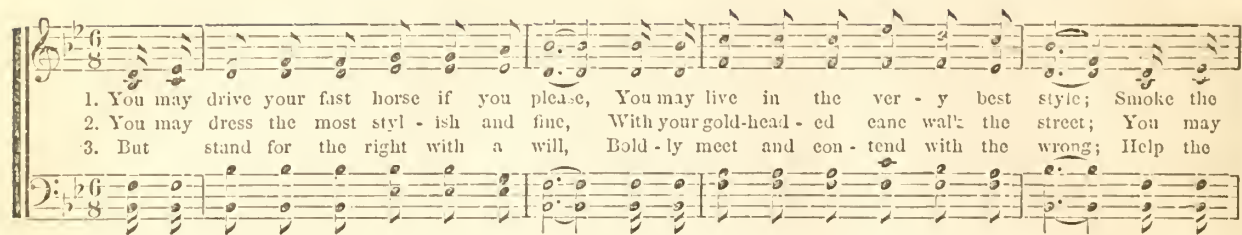
touch not the cup, wheth-er filled by friend or foe, But quick-ly and firm - ly say, no!

touch not the cup, wheth-er filled by friend or foe, But quick-ly and firm - ly say, no!

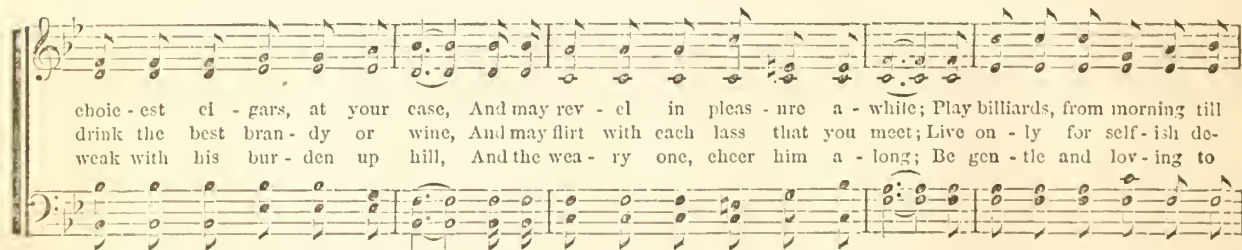
The continuation of the musical score is written on three staves. The top staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The middle staff is a piano accompaniment in treble clef. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: "touch not the cup, wheth-er filled by friend or foe, But quick-ly and firm - ly say, no! touch not the cup, wheth-er filled by friend or foe, But quick-ly and firm - ly say, no!"

YOU'LL FIND IN THE END IT DON'T PAY.

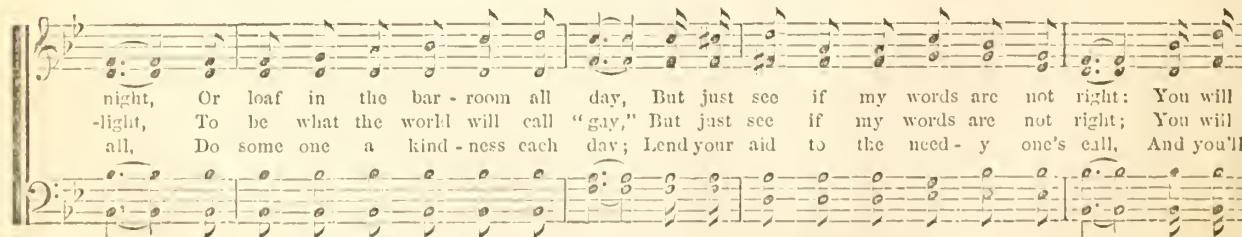
Words and Music by
N. B. SARGENT. By permission.



1. You may drive your fast horse if you please, You may live in the ver - y best style; Smoke the
2. You may dress the most styl - ish and fine, With your gold-head - ed cane walk the street; You may
3. But stand for the right with a will, Bold - ly meet and con - tend with the wrong; Help the



choic - est ci - gars, at your ease, And may rev - el in pleas - ure a - while; Play billiards, from morning till
drink the best bran - dy or wine, And may flirt with each lass that you meet; Live on - ly for self - ish do -
weak with his bur - den up hill, And the wea - ry one, cheer him a - long; Be gen - tle and lov - ing to



night, Or loaf in the bar - room all day, But just see if my words are not right: You will
-light, To be what the world will call "gay," But just see if my words are not right; You will
all, Do some one a kind - ness each day; Lend your aid to the need - y one's call, And you'll

YOU'LL FIND IN THE END IT DON'T PAY. Concluded.

119

CHORUS.

find, in the end, it don't pay. You'll find it don't pay, my boys, To live three years or more, in
 find, in the end, it don't pay. You'll find it don't pay, my boys, To live three years or more, in
 find, in the end, it does pay. You'll find it *does* pay, my boys, To be hon - est and tem - p'rate

one, When your health and your wealth and name are gone, And life is but just be - gun.
 one, When your health and your wealth and name are gone, And life is but just be - gun.
 too; And to have a good name and high - er joys, With friends who are kind and true.

THE TEMPERANCE STAR.

G. F. R.

Modrato.

1. The Tem'p'rance Star is shin - ing With radiant beams to-night, And we in joy com-bin - ing, Now hail its glorious light.
 2. We pledge ourselves for-ev - er To cast the cup a - side; Re-solv-ing ne'er to sev - er From Reason, heav'nly guide.
 3. So, while our star is shining, With beams so clear and bright, Our hearts in joy com-bin - ing Now hail its glorious light.

THE TEMPERANCE SHEEP.

From "Musical Fountain." By permission.

Moderato.

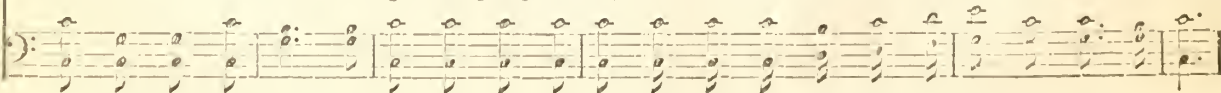
1. Say, young folks, will you hear my sto - ry? It was tru - ly told to me; The tem'rance scheme of
 2. Now, I must own that John, the farm - er, Was a tri - fle apt to take A wee bit drop from
 3. Well pleas'd, I ween, was John, the farm - er, Un - til Jack, a sly young elf, Said, "fa - ther, say, now



John, the farm - er, In the land of Gen - e - see; He told his boys, one fine spring morning, If they
 his de - can - ter, On - ly "for the stomach's sake;" But tem'rance pledge, a cure for fol - ly, All the
 hadn't you bet - ter Take a year - old sheep yourself?" Down fell the eyes of John, the farm - er, And he



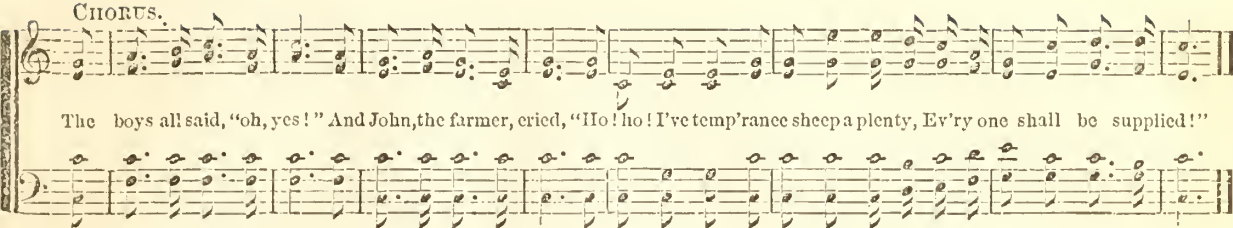
all the pledge would keep, He'd give each one, to help him re - mem - ber, Such a live - ly year-old sheep!
 young, he said, should keep; And now he felt—oh! "un - com - mon jol - ly," As he gave a - way his sheep!
 kept them down un - til He sign'd the pledge that lay on the ta - ble, As he said, "my boys, I will!"



THE TEMPERANCE SHEEP. Concluded.

121

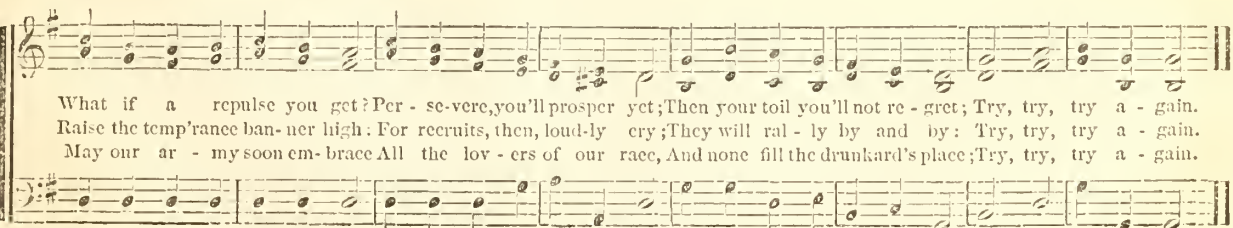
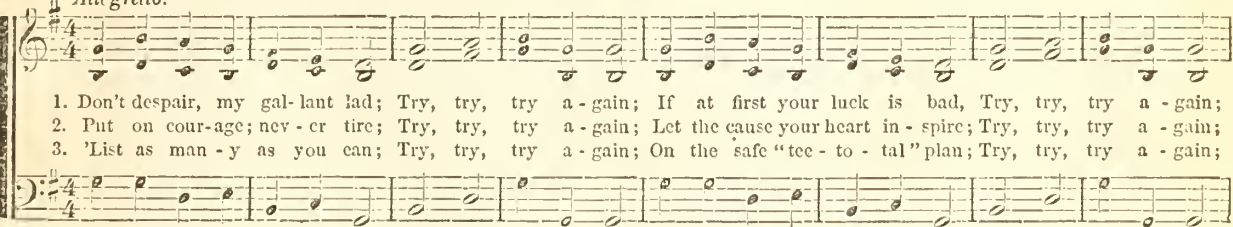
CHORUS.



DON'T DESPAIR, MY GALLANT LAD.

From "Silver Lute." By permission.

Allegretto.



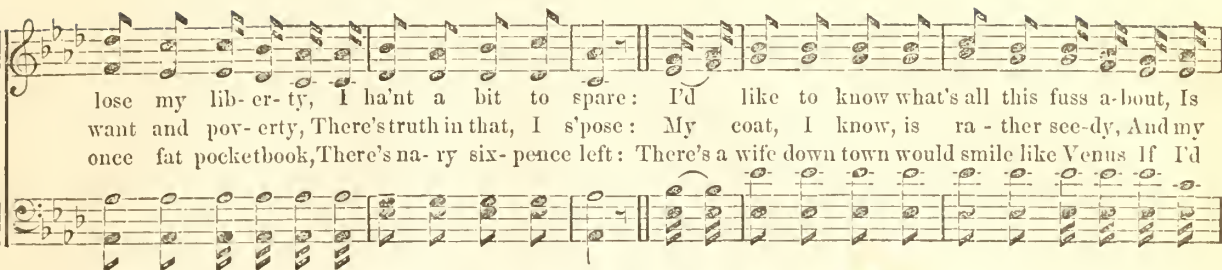
CROWDING AWFULLY. Character Song.

B. R. HANBY. From "Musical Fountain," by permission.

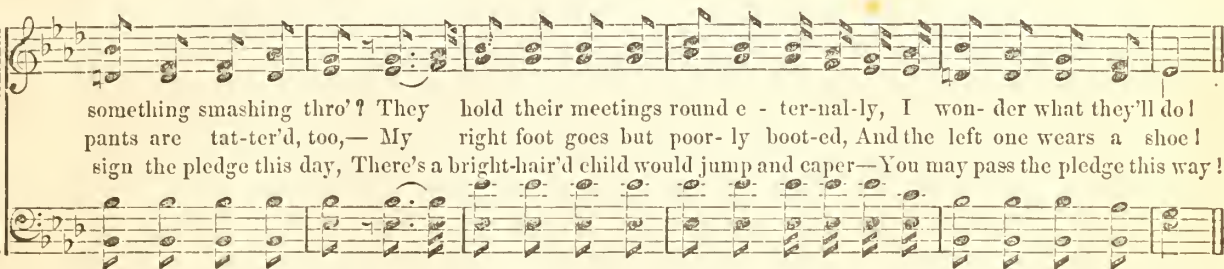
1. These Temp'rance folks do crowd us aw - ful - ly, Crowd us aw - ful - ly, Crowd us aw - ful - ly,
 2. They stick the pledge, these blue tee - to - tal - ers, Blue tee - to - tal - ers, Blue tee - to - tal - ers,
 3. I wish these chaps would cease to pi - ty me, Cease to pi - ty me, Cease to pi - ty me,

Temp'rance folks do crowd us aw - ful - ly, You need - n't think I care; I'm not the man to
 Stick the pledge, these blue tee - to - tal - ers, Be - neath each ru - by nose; They talk of woe and
 Wish these chaps would cease to pi - ty me, I'm not yet quite be - rest, Tho' come to search my

lose my lib - er - ty, Lose my lib - er - ty, Lose my lib - er - ty, Not the man to
 want and pov - er - ty, Want and pov - er - ty, Want and pov - er - ty, Talk of woe and
 once fat pock - et - book, Once fat pock - et - book, Once fat pock - et - book, Come to search my



lose my lib-er-ty, I ha'n't a bit to spare: I'd like to know what's all this fuss a-bout, Is
want and pov-erty, There's truth in that, I s'pose: My coat, I know, is ra-ther see-dy, And my
once fat pocketbook, There's na-ry six-pence left: There's a wife down town would smile like Venus If I'd



something smashing thro'? They hold their meetings round e-ter-nal-ly, I won-der what they'll do!
pants are tat-ter'd, too,— My right foot goes but poor-ly boot-ed, And the left one wears a shoe!
sign the pledge this day, There's a bright-hair'd child would jump and caper—You may pass the pledge this way!

CHORUS.



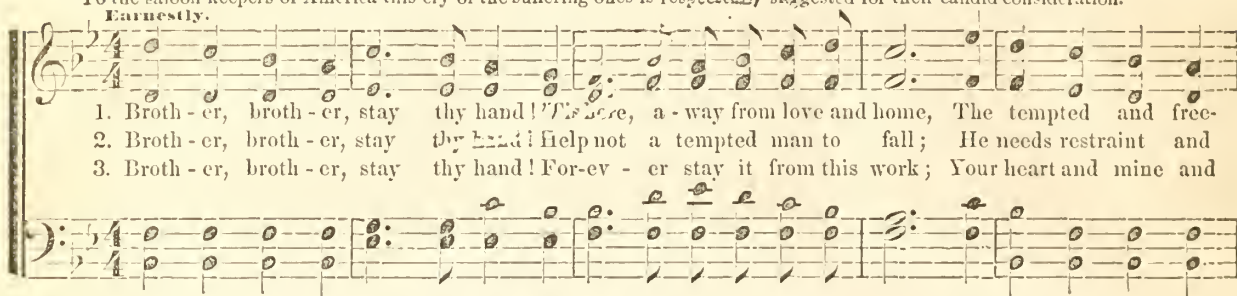
Then forward, boys, hurrah! We'll join the glorious fray, We'll hoist our flag and on to vie-to-ry, The Right shall gain the day.

NOTE.—This Song may be sung in character to great advantage either by a boy or an adult, pointing in turn to his boot, his shoe, producing his "once fat pocket-book," &c. The chorus, whether a quartette or a larger number, should sit on the stage just behind him: one of their number should have a paper representing the Pledge. All should remain seated while singing the chorus, until the last one, when the solo singer, on reaching the line "you may pass," &c., should turn round, take the pledge from the one who is holding it, and leading off on the chorus should advance to the front of the stage waving it above his head. The last chorus should be sung standing, all rising quickly and singing with great spirit.

WE PRAY,—'TIS ALL THAT WE CAN DO, Words and music by G. F. ROOT.

To the saloon keepers of America this cry of the suffering ones is respectfully suggested for their candid consideration.

Earnestly.



1. Broth - er, broth - er, stay thy hand! *Thy* *hand!* a - way from love and home, The tempted and free-

2. Broth - er, broth - er, stay thy *hand!* Help not a tempted man to fall; He needs restraint and

3. Broth - er, broth - er, stay thy hand! For-ev - er stay it from this work; Your heart and mine and

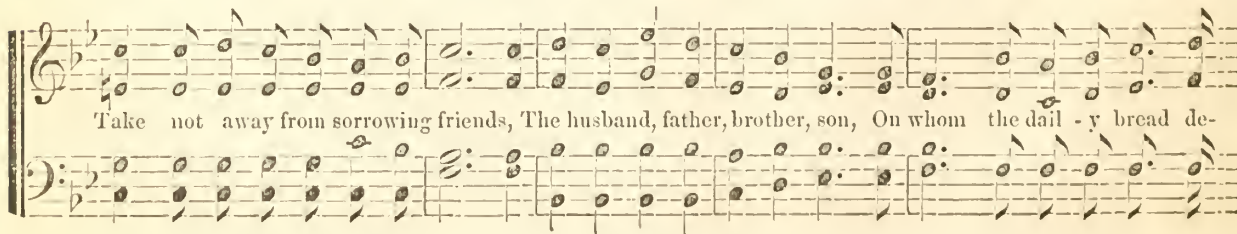


heart - ed ones To pov - er - ty and ru - in come. Broth - er, broth - er, hear our prayer,

coun - sel now; He needs true friendship from us all. Broth - er, broth - er, hear our prayer,

all be-lieve That e - vils dire with-in it lurk. Broth - er, broth - er, hear our prayer,

CHORUS.



Take not away from sorrowing friends, The husband, father, brother, son, On whom the dail - y bread de-

a little slower.

pend. To God a - bove— to man be - low— We pray— 'tis all that we can do.

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. It contains the melody for the vocal part, ending with a double bar line. The lower staff is in bass clef and provides the piano accompaniment, also ending with a double bar line.

(The above song is published as a song and chorus with piano accompaniment by S. Brainard's Sons, Cleveland, O.)

GOD SPEED THE RIGHT.

By permission.

Earnestly.

1. Now to heaven our prayer ascend - ing, God speed the right; In a no - ble cause contend - ing, God speed the right.
2. Be that prayer a - gain re - peat - ed—God speed the right; Ne'er de - spair - ing, tho' de - feat - ed, God speed the right.
3. Pa - tient, firm, and per - se - ver - ing; God speed the right; Ne'er th'event nor dan - ger fear - ing; God speed the right.

The musical score for the first system consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/2 time signature. It contains the melody for the vocal part. The lower staff is in bass clef and provides the piano accompaniment.

Be our zeal in heaven record - ed, With success on earth reward - ed, God speed the right, God speed the right.
Like the good and great in sto - ry, If we fail, we fail with glo - ry, God speed the right, God speed the right.
Pains, nor toils, nor tri - als heeding, In the strength of heaven succeeding—God speed the right, God speed the right.

The musical score for the second system consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/2 time signature. It contains the melody for the vocal part. The lower staff is in bass clef and provides the piano accompaniment.

TRY, JOHN !

G. F. R.

Earnestly.

1. Try, John, try, John, I will tell you why, John; He who bat - tles what is bad, Triumphs by and by, John:
 2. Try, John, try, John, Think of days gone by, John; Hab - its have been conquer'd oft, Tho' they thus de - fy, John:
 3. Try, John, try, John, Look with faith on high, John; You've a Fa - ther and a Friend, Might-y, lov - ing, nigh, John:

If with all your pow'rs you strive With your habits wrong, John, While they daily weaker grow, You will grow more strong, John.
 Mark their upward hist'ries well, Hist'ries stern and true, John, Teaching you what you may be, If you'll dare and do, John.
 Go and tell Him you re-pent Of your e - vil ways, John; Pray for help and strength to live Wis - er, bet - ter days, John.

CHORUS.

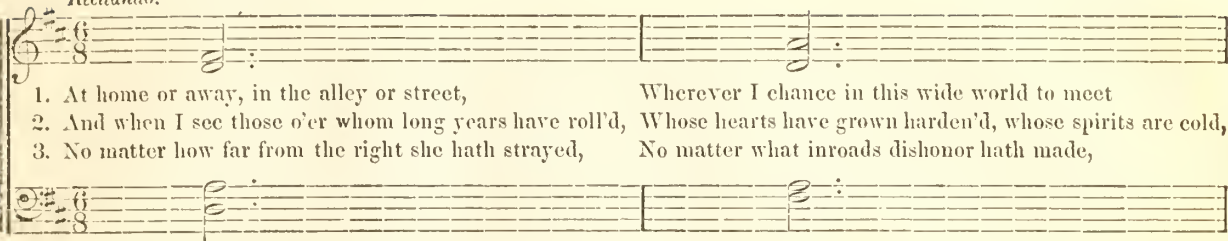
Try, John, try, John, I will tell you why, John; He who bat - tles what is bad Triumphs by and by, John.

SOME MOTHER'S CHILD.

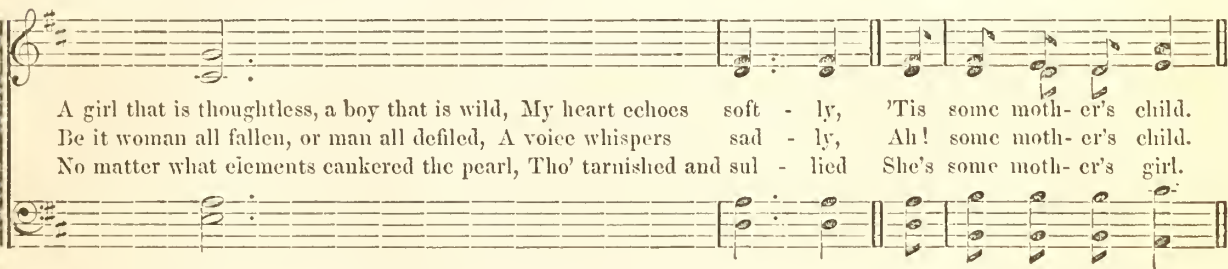
127

Words, F. L. KEELER.
Recitativo.

Music, GEO. F. ROOT.

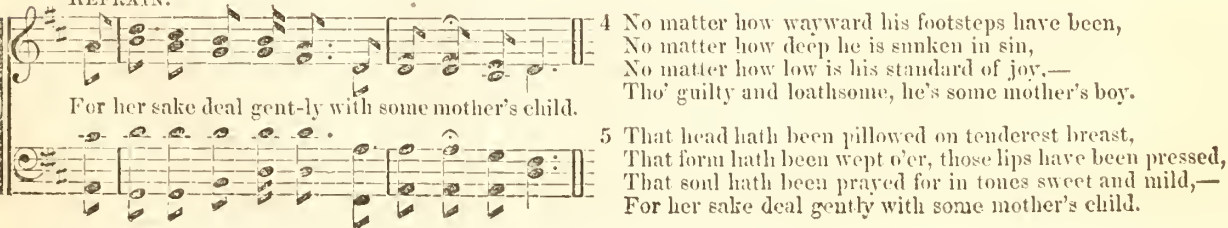


1. At home or away, in the alley or street, Wherever I chance in this wide world to meet
2. And when I see those o'er whom long years have roll'd, Whose hearts have grown harden'd, whose spirits are cold,
3. No matter how far from the right she hath strayed, No matter what inroads dishonor hath made,



A girl that is thoughtless, a boy that is wild, My heart echoes soft - ly, 'Tis some moth- er's child.
Be it woman all fallen, or man all defiled, A voice whispers sad - ly, Ah! some moth- er's child.
No matter what elements cankered the pearl, Tho' tarnished and sul - lied She's some moth- er's girl.

REFRAIN.

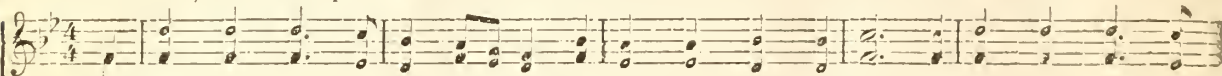


4 No matter how wayward his footsteps have been,
No matter how deep he is smitten in sin,
No matter how low is his standard of joy,—
Tho' guilty and loathsome, he's some mother's boy.
5 That head hath been pillowed on tenderest breast,
That form hath been wept o'er, those lips have been pressed,
That soul hath been prayed for in tones sweet and mild,—
For her sake deal gently with some mother's child.

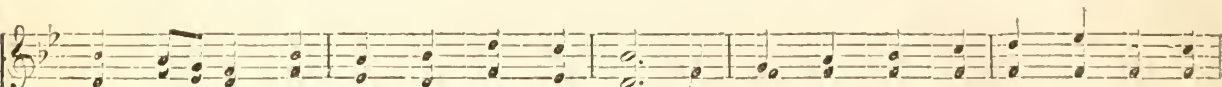
HONOR BRIGHT.

Music G. F. R.

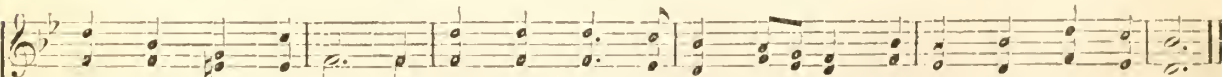
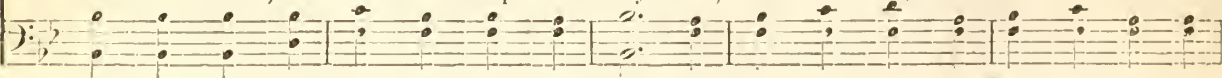
THE HONOR SOCIETY.—*Its Pledge:* To HONOR THE GREAT GOD and bless the world: We WILL TRY to keep ourselves and our fellow-members always FROM ALL USE OF PROFANE LANGUAGE, as unlawful, useless, and wicked; and we earnestly ask all our friends to help us keep this PLEDGE. *Its Watchword:* HONOR BRIGHT; to be used by all the Members for their own benefit, or that of their fellow-members, in time of temptation.



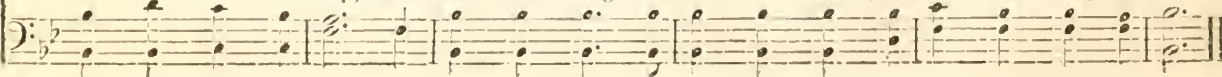
1. To HON - or GOD and bless the world, We lift our ban - ners high: To keep his great, his
2. We'll help our fel - low-mem - bers, too, Keep our good pledge a - right: For when we see the
3. But best of all, we're sure of aid From Him who rules the sky. And so we'll sing with



third command, We'll try, we'll ev - er try. From law - less, use - less, e - vil words, From tempt - er near, We'll whis - per "HON - OR BRIGHT!" And since our friends can, by their help, Make rev - erent minds, Our God will help us try! Yes, best of all, we're sure of aid From



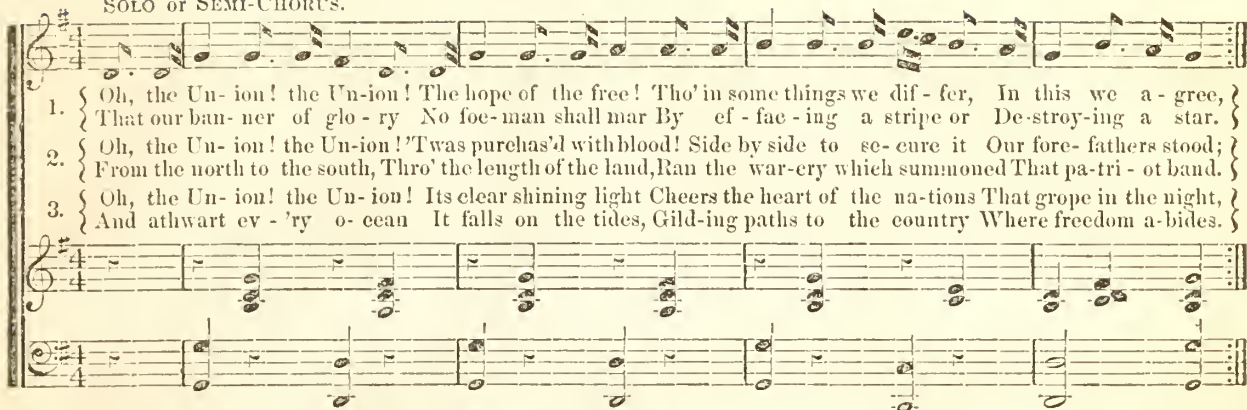
ev - ery oath pro - fane, To save our hearts, and tongues, and lips, We'll ev - er - more abstain. ours an ea - sy task, Their aid in keep - ing this our Pledge, We ear - nest - ly do ask. Him who rules the sky, And so we'll sing with rev - erent minds, Our God will help us try.



THE UNION, THE HOPE OF THE FREE.

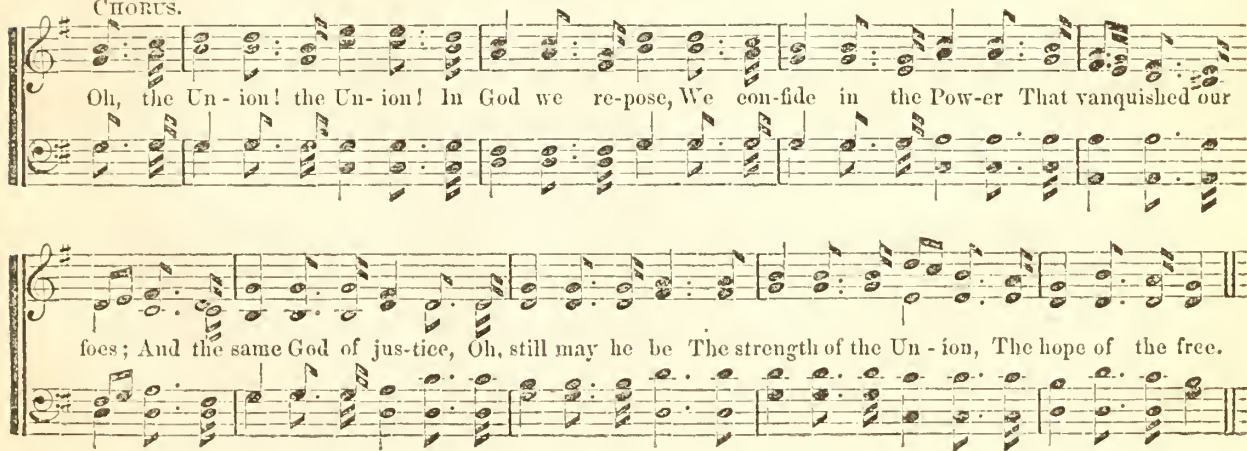
G. F. R. 129

SOLO or SEMI-CHORUS.



1. { Oh, the Un-ion! the Un-ion! The hope of the free! Tho' in some things we dif-fer, In this we a-gree, }
 { That our ban-ner of glo-ry No foe-man shall mar By ef-fae-ing a stripe or De-stroy-ing a star. }
 2. { Oh, the Un-ion! the Un-ion! 'Twas purchas'd with blood! Side by side to se-cure it Our fore-fathers stood; }
 { From the north to the south, Thro' the length of the land, Ran the war-ry which summoned That pa-tri-ot band. }
 3. { Oh, the Un-ion! the Un-ion! Its clear shining light Cheers the heart of the na-tions That grope in the night, }
 { And athwart ev-'ry o-cean It falls on the tides, Gild-ing paths to the country Where freedom a-bides. }

CHORUS.



Oh, the Un-ion! the Un-ion! In God we re-pose, We con-fide in the Pow-er That vanquished our
 foes; And the same God of jus-tice, Oh, still may he be The strength of the Un-ion, The hope of the free.

THE FOURTH OF JULY.

G. F. R.

Joyfully.

1. { Hur-rah! for the morn'g of morn'gs has come! Un-furl ev-'ry ban-ner, and beat ev-'ry drum! }
 { Let trum-pet and bu-gle tell earth, sea and sky, 'Tis Freedom's glad birthday, the Fourth of Ju-ly! }

2. { Hur-rah! let the lips of the can-non be red, In hon-or of he-ros, the liv-ing and dead; }
 { For those who first taught us to con-quer or die, And all who shall glo-ry in Fourth of Ju-ly! }

REFRAIN.

The Fourth! the Fourth! tho glo-ri-ous Fourth of Ju-ly!

3.

Hurrah for our banner, the Flag of the Free!
 Its starry folds float from the sea to the sea;
 Its stripes for the traitor who dares to defy,
 Its stars for its friends who keep Fourth of July.
 The Fourth! &c.

Hurrah for the Future! we boys of the land
 In Freedom's grave councils are desin'd to stand;
 Then down with injustice, whose life is a lie,
 And up with Truth's banner—'tis Fourth of July.
 The Fourth! &c.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

- 1 Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
 What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming?
 Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the perilous fight,
 O'er the ramparts we watch'd were so gallantly streaming:
 And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
 Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there;
 Oh, say, does the star-spangled banner yet wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?
- 2 And where is that band who so vauntingly swore
 That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion
 A home and a country should leave us no more?
 Their blood has wash'd out their foul footsteps' pollution;

No refuge can save the hireling and slave
 From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave,
 And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

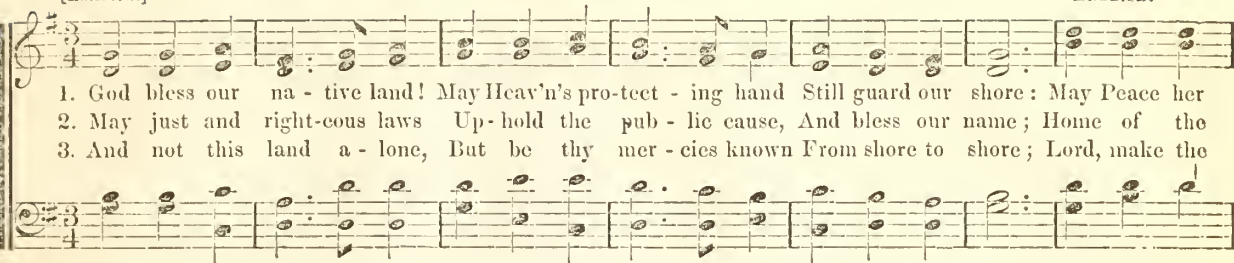
- 3 Oh, thus be it ever when freemen shall stand
 Between their lov'd homes and the war's desolation:
 Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
 Praise the Power that has made and preserved us a nation;
 Then conquer we must when our cause it is just,
 And this be our motto, "In God is our trust;"
 And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

GOD BLESS OUR NATIVE LAND.

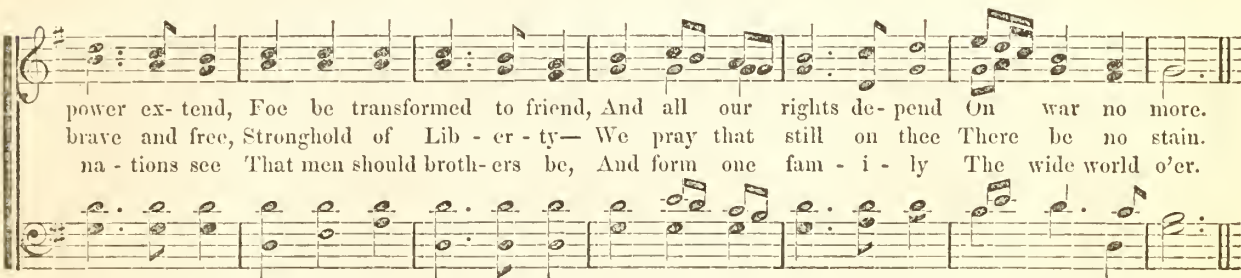
:31

(America.)

ENGLISH.



1. God bless our na - tive land! May Heav'n's pro-tect - ing hand Still guard our shore : May Peace her
 2. May just and right-cous laws Up - hold the pub - lic cause, And bless our name ; Home of the
 3. And not this land a - lone, But be thy mer - cies known From shore to shore ; Lord, make the



power ex - tend, Foe be transformed to friend, And all our rights de - pend On war no more.
 brave and free, Stronghold of Lib - er - ty— We pray that still on thee There be no stain.
 na - tions see That men should broth - ers be, And form one fam - i - ly The wide world o'er.

(America.) MY COUNTRY, 'TIS OF THEE.

1 My Country, 'tis of thee,
 Sweet land of Liberty,
 Of thee I sing;
 Land where my fathers died,
 Land of the pilgrim's pride,—
 From ev'ry mountain side
 Let Freedom ring!

2 My native country! thee,
 Land of the noble free,
 Thy name I love:
 I love thy rocks and rills,
 Thy woods and templed hills;
 My heart with rapture thrills
 Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
 And ring from all the trees
 Sweet Freedom's song;
 Let mortal tongues awake,
 Let all that breathe partake,
 Let rocks their silence break,—
 The sound prolong.

(America.) THE GOD OF HARVEST.

1 The God of harvest praise;
 In loud thanksgiving raise
 Hand, heart and voice!
 The valleys laugh and sing,
 Forests and mountains ring,
 The plains their tribute bring—
 The streams rejoice

2 Yea, bless his holy name,
 And joyous thanks proclaim
 Through all the earth;
 To glory in your lot
 Is comely; but he not
 God's benefits forgot
 Amid your mirth.

3 The God of harvest praise;
 Hands, hearts and voices raise
 With sweet accord;
 From field to garner throng,
 Bearing your sheaves along,
 And in your harvest song
 Bless ye the Lord.

MY NATIVE LAND.

From "Graded Singers," No. 2.

Moderato.

1. I now free - ly of - fer my heart and my hand To thee, thou home of freedom—To thee, my na - tive
 2. Their rights I'll pro - tect and de - fend as they're known, Their welfare and their freedom I'll guard as if my

The first system of the musical score is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of a vocal melody line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The piano accompaniment begins with a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The tempo is marked 'Moderato'.

land. My coun - try I'll hon - or, Her laws I'll o - bey, And hail all men as brethren Who walk in virtue's way.
 own. May heav'n give me firmness, With heart and with hand, To labor or to die for My own dear native land.

The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line ends with a double bar line. The piano accompaniment continues with a double bar line.

CHORUS.
 My own dear native land, My own dear native land, May ev - 'ry blessing rest on thee, My own dear native land.

The chorus section is marked 'CHORUS.' and features a vocal melody line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The piano accompaniment begins with a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The tempo is marked 'Moderato'.

Andante.

1. 'Mid pleas-ures and pal-a-ces tho' we may roam, Be it ev-er so humble, there's no place like home.

2. An ex-ile from home, splendor dazzles in vain; Oh, give me my low-ly thatched cot-tage a-gain,

A charm from the skies seems to hal-low us there, Which, seek thro' the world, is not met with elsewhere.

The birds singing gay-ly, that come at my call: Give me these, with the peace of mind dearer than all.

ROUND.

Home, home, sweet, sweet, home! There's no place like home, There's no place like home.

Oh, the farmer's home for me,

On the prai-rie wide and free.

THE ARMY OF REFORM.


Music by G. F. R.
By permission of S. T. Gordon, N. Y.

1. O, we are vol - un - teers in the ar - my of Re - form, Form - ing in - to
2. Our foes are in the field press - ing hard on ev - 'ry side, Drunk - en with suc -


line as our le - gions come, We are un - der march - ing or - ders to
- cess, they are mad with pride, Craft and eun - ning and de - cep - tion, their

take the bat - tle field, And we'll ne'er give o'er the fight till the foe shall yield.
weap - ons of at - tack, But with hon - or, truth and cour - age, we'll drive them back.

CHORUS.



Come and join the ar - my, the ar - my of Re - form, All ye sons of la - bor, to our



glo - rious standard come, Sharp may be the con - flict, fierce and long the fight, But the end is



vie - try if we all u - nite.

3.

O, dark the hours whose burdens have nerved us for the fray,
 But the dawn is glorious of victory's day,
 See it breaks o'er hall and hamlet, it spreads from shore to
 shore,
 'Tis the sun of hope for Labor, that sets no more.
 Come and join, &c.

GOOD CHEER.

For New Year, or other Anniversaries.

Words and Music by P. P. BLISS.

1. 2. Good cheer, good cheer! For a happy New Year Is brightly smiling before us; Let mer-ry bells ring, Let

hap - py hearts sing, Good cheer, good cheer is the chorus. Adown the past One look we cast, For
hap - py hearts sing, Good cheer, good cheer is the chorus. In fu - ture years, From smiles and tears, Our

friends and fan - cies old - en; Then for - ward glance, And dream, perchance, Of fu - ture days more golden. Good
lives shall lus - ter gath - er, And come what may, We'll al - ways say, "Thy will be done, our Father." Good

cheer, good cheer! For a hap - py New Year Is bright - ly smil - ing be - fore us. Let mer - ry bells ring, Let

GOOD CHEER. Concluded.

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hap- py hearts sing, Good cheer, good cheer is the eho- rus. Good cheer,.... good cheer..... For the

Good cheer, good cheer!

glad and hap- py New Year! good cheer,... good cheer!... For the glad and hap- py New Year!

Good cheer, good cheer!

SONG OF THE MINUTES.

G. F. R.

Allegretto.

1. We are but minutes—lit - tle things, Each one furnished with six - ty wings, With which we fly on our

un- seen track, And not a min-ute e'er comes back.

2 We are but minutes—use us well,
For our use we must one day tell;
Who uses minutes has hours to use—
Who loses minutes, years must lose

WHAT IS SUMMER MADE OF ?

Music, C. A. CLARK.

Words from Harper's Weekly.
Allegretto.

1. Oh, what is Summer made of? Of opening buds and flowers, Of sunshine and of shadow, And

gracious lit - tle showers; Of birds that in the tree-tops Sing sweetly all the day, Of but-ter-cups and

dai-sies, And breath of new-mown hay.

2.

Of butterflies that hover
O'er many a fragrant rose,
Of bees that gather honey
Where the honeysuckle grows;
Of brooks that murmur softly,
And through the meadows glide,
Of shadows shifting gently
Adown the mountain side.

3.

Of rainbows after showers,
Of starlight nights so still,
Of moonbeams shimmering softly,
O'er every brook and rill;
Of mornings dawning sweetly,
Of dew-wet grass and flow'rs,
Oh, summer-time is only
A life of golden hours.

Moderato.

1. I've seen ma - ny a girl Who would mar-ry a ehurl Pro - vi - ded he'd plen - ty of gold, And would
 2. I've known many a lass Who would thoughtlessly pass Whole hours in pa-rad - ing the street, While her
 3. There is ma - ny a man Who will "dress" if he can, No mat - ter how emp - ty his purse; And his

live to repent When the money was spent, When she found that her heart had been sold. It is so! It is
 mother would scrub All the while at the tub, Never-mind-ing the cold nor the heat. It is so! It is
 tail - or may look When he set - tles his book, But his pa - tron has bolt-ed, or worse. It is so! It is

so! You may smile if you like, But it's so.

4 I know people so nice
 They will faint in a trio
 If you mention hard labor to them;
 Yet their parents were poor,
 And were forced to endure
 Many hardships life's current to stem
 It is so! It is so!
 You may smile if you like,
 But it's so!

Moderato.

1. I love the song of birds, And the children's early words, And a loving woman's voice, low and sweet, John Brown;
 2. I love a simple song That awakes emotions strong, And the word of hope that raises him who faints, John Brown;
 3. So, if you like my ways, And the com-fort of my days, I can tell you how I live so unvexed, John Brown;
 4. I've parted with my pride, And I take the sun-ny side, For I've found it worse than folly to be sad, John Brown;

And I hate a false pretense, And the want of common sense, With its arrogance and fawning and deceit, John Brown.
 And I hate the constant whine Of the foolish who re-pine, And so turn their good to e-vil by complaints, John Brown.
 First, I never scorn my health, Never sell my soul for wealth, Nor destroy one day the pleasure of the next, John Brown.
 So I keep a conscience clear, And of pover-ty no fear, And I try my best to thank the Lord for all, John Brown.

DUET.

WHERE HOME IS.—Duet and Chorus.

G. F. R. 141

Allegretto.

1. Home's not mere-ly four square walls, Tho' with pic- tures hung and gild - ed ; Home is where af-
 2. Home's not mere-ly roof and room, Needs it something to en - dear it ; Home is where the

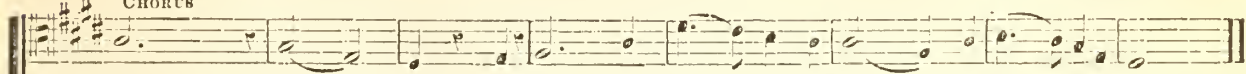


fec - tion calls— Filled with shrines the heart hath build - ed. Home!—go watch the faith - ful dove,
 heart can bloom ; Where there's some kind lip to cheer it. What is home with none to meet ?



Sailing 'neath the heavens above us ; Home is where there's one to love, Home is where there's one to love us.
 None to welcome—none to greet us ? Home is sweet—and only sweet—When there's one we love to meet us.

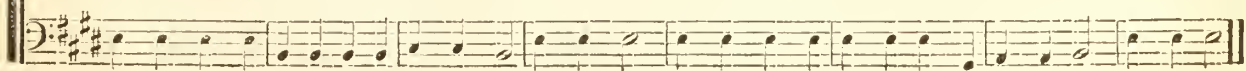
CHORUS



Home ! Home ! sweet, sweet Home, There's no place like Home, There's no place like home.



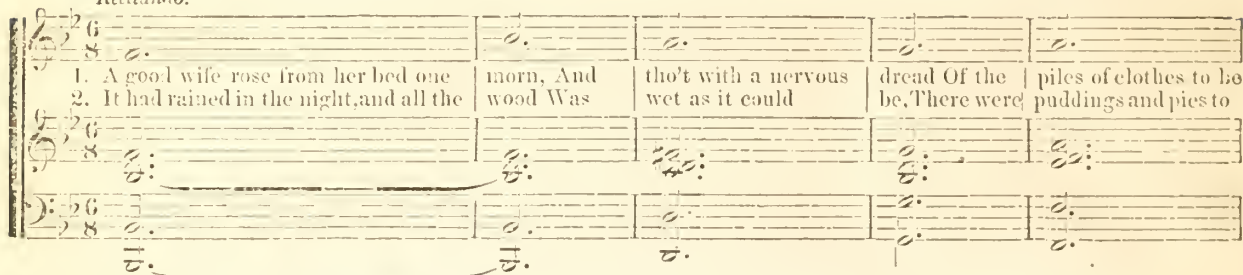
Home is where there's one to love us, Home is there, Home is there, Home is where there's one to meet us, Home is there, Home is there.



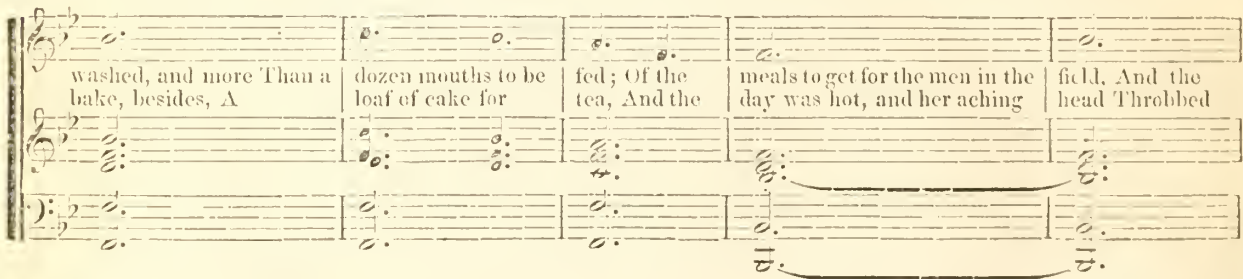
LOVE LIGHTENS LABOR.

Music by G. F. ROOT.

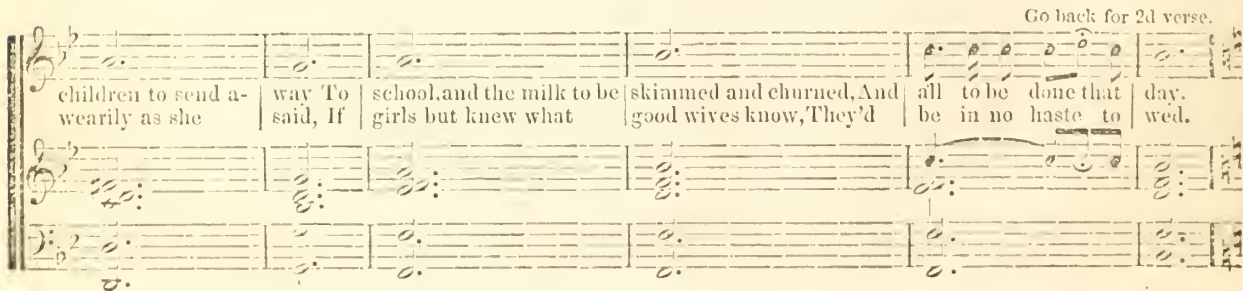
"If men only appreciated the helpfulness of loving words, they would certainly coin more for daily use."—*Poems of Home Life.*
Recitativo.



1. A good wife rose from her bed one morn, And tho't with a nervous dread Of the piles of clothes to be
 2. It had rained in the night, and all the wood Was wet as it could be, There were puddings and pies to



washed, and more Than a dozen mouths to be fed; Of the meals to get for the men in the field, And the
 bake, besides, A loaf of cake for tea, And the day was hot, and her aching head Throbbled



children to send a-way To school, and the milk to be skimmed and churned, And all to be done that day.
 wearily as she said, If girls but knew what good wives know, They'd be in no haste to wed.

Go back for 2d verse.

3. "Jennie, what do you think I told Ben Brown," Called the farm-er from the well, And a flush crept up to his

bronzed brow, And his eyes half bash-ful-ly full; | "It was this," he said, and com-ing near, He

smiled, and stooping down Kissed her cheek, "'twas this, that you were the best And the dear-est wife in town."

LOVE LIGHTENS LABOR. Concluded.

4. The farmer went back to the field, and the wife, In a smiling and absent way, Sang snatches of tender
 5. "Just think," the children all cried in a breath, "Tom Wood has run off to sea; He would'n't, I know, if he

The first system of the musical score consists of five measures. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one flat. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides harmonic support. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words split across measures.

little songs through - out the livelong day; And the pain in her head was gone, and the clothes Were
 only had as happy a home as we;" The night came down, and the good wife smiled To her-

The second system of the musical score consists of five measures. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one flat. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides harmonic support. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words split across measures.

white as the foam of the sea; Her bread was light, and her butter was sweet, And golden as it could be.
 self, as she softly said, "'Tis so sweet to labor for those we love, No wonder that girls will wed."

The third system of the musical score consists of five measures. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one flat. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides harmonic support. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words split across measures.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

145

Moderato.

G. F. R.

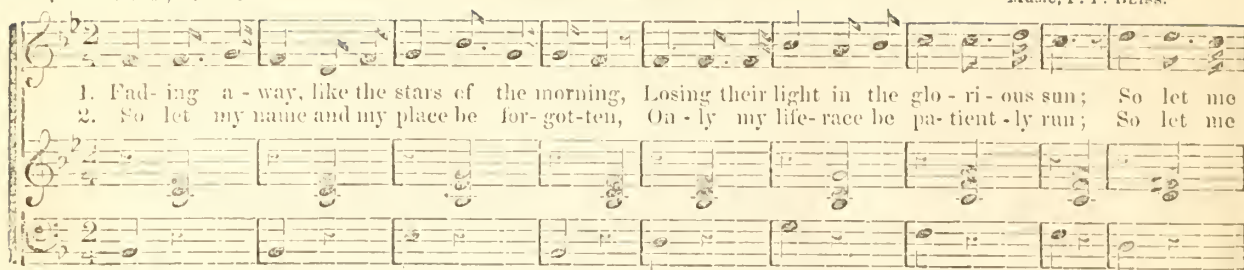
1. Plac - ing the lit - tle shoes all in a row, Ear - ly to church on the mor - row to go,
2. Call - ing the lit - tle ones then to her chair, Hear - ing them whisper the soft evening prayer,
3. Creep - ing so soft - ly to take a last peep Af - ter the dear eyes are all fast a - sleep,

Wash - ing wee fac - es and black lit - tle fists, Get - ting them read - y and fit to be kissed;
Tell - ing them sto - ries of Bi - ble times old, Of the Good Shepherd, the Lambs and the fold;
Anx - ious to know if they're all nice and warm, Tuck - ing the blan - kets round each lit - tle form,

Put - ting them in - to clean garments and white, That is what mothers do Sat - ur - day night.
Smil - ing with pleas - ure to see their de - light, That is what mothers do Sat - ur - day night.
Kiss - ing each shin - ing face ro - sy and bright, That is what mothers do Sat - ur - day night.

REMEMBERED.

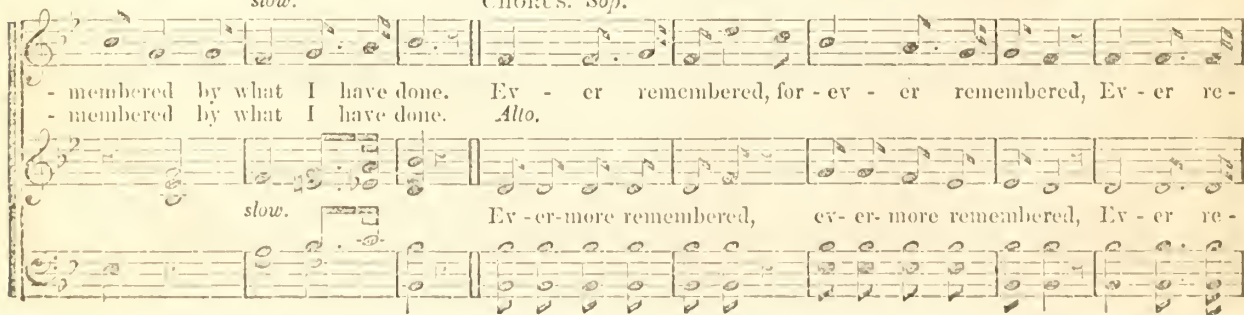
Music, P. P. ELISA.



1. Fad - ing a - way, like the stars of the morning, Losing their light in the glo - ri - ous sun; So let me
 2. So let my name and my place be for - got - ten, On - ly my life - race be pa - tient - ly run; So let me



steal a - way, gent - ly and lov - ing - ly, On - ly remembered by what I have done, On - ly re -
 pass a - way, peace - ful - ly, si - lent - ly, On - ly remembered by what I have done, On - ly re -

*slow.*CHORUS. *Sop.*


- membered by what I have done. Ev - er remembered, for - ev - er remembered, Ev - er re -
 - membered by what I have done. *Alto.*

slow. Ev - er - more remembered, ev - er - more remembered, Ev - er re -

- membered while the years are roll-ing on; Ev - er remembered, for - ev - - er remembered,
 - membered while the years are roll-ing on; Ev - er - more remembered, Ev - er - more remembered,

rit.
 On - ly re - membered by what I have done.
 On - ly re - membered by what I have done.

3.

So in the harvest, if others may gather
 Sheaves from the fields that in spring I have sown,
 Who plowed or sowed matters not to the reaper—
 I'm only remembered by what I have done.
 Ever remembered, etc.

4.

Fading away like the stars of the morning,
 So let my name be, unhonored, unknown;
 Here, or up yonder, I must be remembered—
 Only remembered by what I have done.
 Ever remembered, etc.

ANGELS WHISPER.

G. F. R.

Gently. | 1st time. | 2d time.
 1. { An - gels whis - per from the skies, "Be gen - tle, kind, and true," } try their work to do.
 2. { Oh, that we may heed the words, And [OMIT.] }
 { Gent - ly to the err - ing ones The words of kind - ness speak, }
 { Well you know the bruised reed We [OMIT.] } may not rude - ly break.

Refrain.

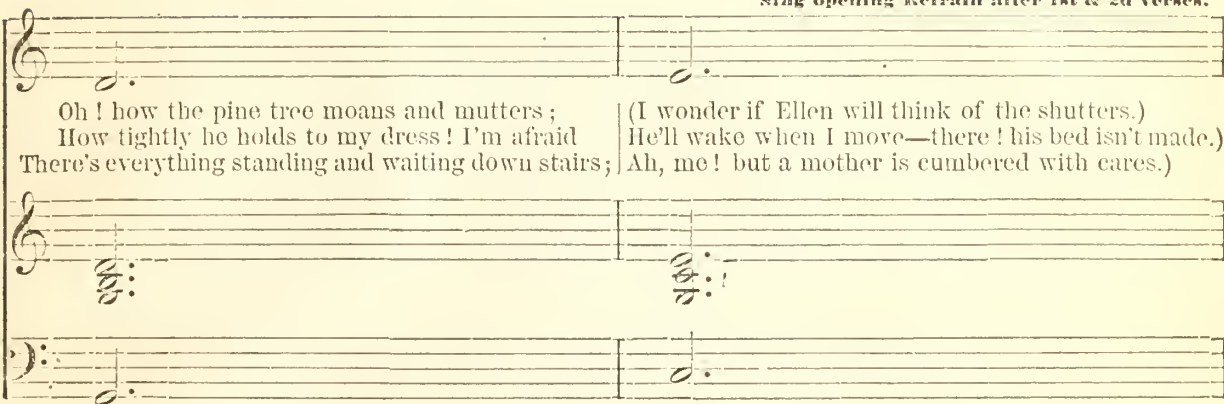
Sleep, my own dar - ling, Bye, ba - by, bye; Mother is with thee, Bye, ba - by, bye....

1. There, baby! (oh, how the wild winds wail!) Hush, baby! (turning to sleet and hail :)
2. That sweet little hand and that soft dimpled cheek! Sleep, darling, (I'll have his clothes shortened this week.
3. He's settled at last. But I can't leave him so, Though I ought to be going this instant, I know;

THE HOUSEKEEPER'S LULLABY. Concluded.

149

Sing opening Refrain after 1st & 2d verses.

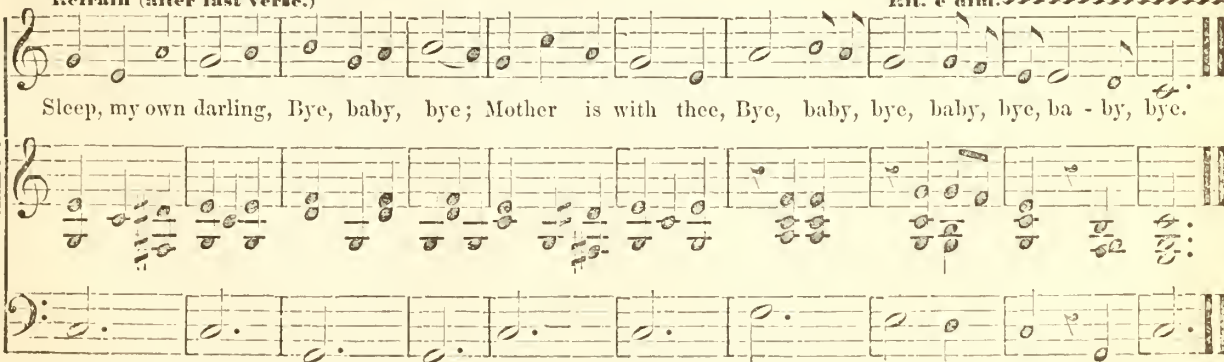


Oh ! how the pine tree moans and mutters ;
How tightly he holds to my dress ! I'm afraid
There's everything standing and waiting down stairs ;

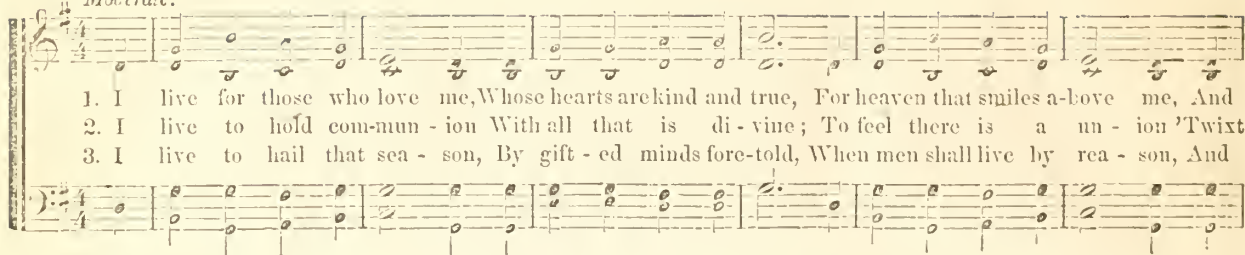
(I wonder if Ellen will think of the shutters.)
He'll wake when I move—there ! his bed isn't made.)
Ah, me ! but a mother is cumbered with cares.)

Refrain (after last verse.)

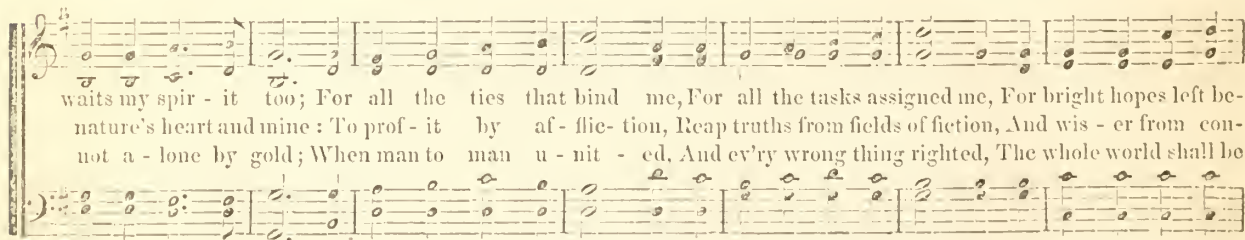
Rit. e dim. ~~~~~



Sleep, my own darling, Bye, baby, bye ; Mother is with thee, Bye, baby, bye, baby, bye, ba - by, bye.

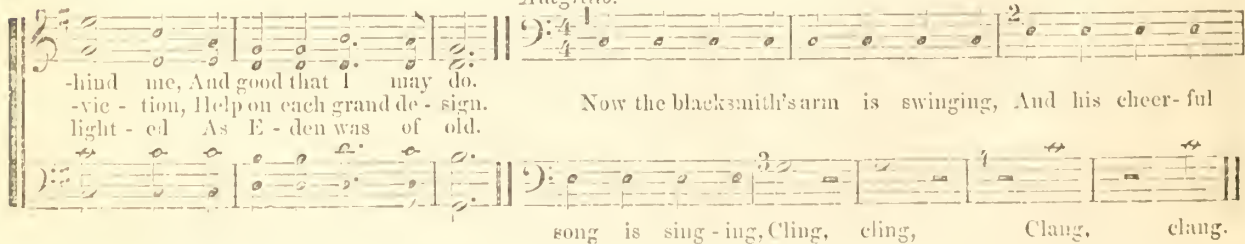
Moderato.


1. I live for those who love me, Whose hearts are kind and true, For heaven that smiles above me, And
2. I live to hold communion With all that is divine; To feel there is a union 'twixt
3. I live to hail that season, By gift-ed minds fore-told, When men shall live by reason, And



waits my spirit too; For all the ties that bind me, For all the tasks assigned me, For bright hopes left be-
nature's heart and mine: To profit by affliction, Reap truths from fields of fiction, And wis-er from con-
not alone by gold; When man to man united, And every wrong thing righted, The whole world shall be

THE BLACKSMITH. (Round for four divisions.)

Allegretto.


hind me, And good that I may do.
vic-tion, Help on each grand de-sign.
light-ed As Eden was of old.
Now the blacksmith's arm is swinging, And his cheer-ful
song is sing-ing, Cling, cling, Clang, clang.

HAPPY NEW YEAR.

G. F. R.

151

Fullon.

1. Hap-py new year! hap-py new year! hap-py new year! With the sleigh bells chiming sweet-ly, As we're
 2. Hap-py new year! hap-py new year! hap-py new year! Each a cheerful heart is bringing, And a

glid-ing on so fleet-ly; Oh! the win-ter suits complete-ly for laugh and song, Hap-py new year! happy
 voice to join the sing-ing; Oh! the hours are swift-ly wing-ing in win-ter time, Hap-py new year! happy

new year! hap-py new year! Hear the bells jingle, jingle, jin-gle, jin-gle, jin-gle, jing, Hear the mer-ry, mer-ry bells.

LOOK AHEAD.

Words by F. E. REXFORD.

From "Hour of Praise." G. F. ROOT.

Earnestly.

1. Are you ev - er worn and wea - ry? Look a - head, Look a - head; Does the way seem
 2. When the ills of life per - plex you, Look a - head, Look a - head; When the woes of
 3. So, in hours of pain and tri - al, Look a - head, Look a - head; There is strength in

Look a-head, Look a-head;

dark and dreary, Look ahead, look right a - head; See the gold - en spires up - lift - ing, O'er the earthly shadows
 earth - life vex you, Look ahead, look right a - head; There will be no care or sorrow, When shall dawn the glad to -
 self - de - ni - al, Look ahead, look right a - head; Tow'rd the rest that God prepar - eth, Hap - py those who in it

shift - ing, Of the fair ee - les - tial cit - y, Just a - head; Of the fair ee - les - tial cit - y, Just a - head!
 mor - row, In the fair ee - les - tial cit - y, Just a - head; In the fair ee - les - tial cit - y, Just a - head!
 shar - eth, In the fair ee - les - tial cit - y, Just a - head; In the fair ee - les - tial cit - y, Just a - head!

Just ahead,

GO, WHEN THE MORNING SHINETH.

A. W. KEEN. 153

Moderato.

1. Go, when the morning shin - eth, Go, when the noon is bright; Go when the eve de - clin - eth, Go, in the hush of night, Go
2. Re - mem - ber all who love thee, All who are loved by thee, Pray, too, for all who hate thee, If a - ny such there be; Then

with pure mind and feel - ing, Put earth - ly tho'ts a - way, And in God's presence kneel - ing, Do thou in se - cret pray.
for thy - self in meekness, A bless - ing hum - bly claim, And blend with each pe - ti - tion, Thy great Re - deem - er's name.

OUR FATHER.

G. F. ROOT.

Reverentially.

1. Our Fa - ther in heav - en, We hal - low thy name! May thy king - dom ho - ly On earth be the
2. For - give our transgressions, And teach us to know That hum - ble com - pas - sion Which par - dons each

sume! Oh, give to us dai - ly Our portion of bread; It is from thy boun - ty That all must be fed.
foe; Keep us from tempta - tion, From e - vil and sin, And thine be the glo - ry For - ev - er! A - men!

1. Wherefore stand ye i - dle? Hear the Mas - ter say, Go in - to my vine - yard, Go and work to - day.
 2. Pre - cious hours of sun - light Have al - read - y passed, Third, and sixth, and ninth hour— This may be your last.
 3. When this life is end - ed, Toil you shall lay down; But if you are faith - ful, Then will come the crown.

CHORUS.

Oh, brother, do not lon - ger tar - ry, En - ter while you may, Hear the Mas - ter calling, calling, Go and work to - day.

THE PROGRESS OF FREEDOM.

G. F. R.

Joyfully.

1. { Op - pres - sion shall not al - ways reign; There comes a brighter day,
 When free - dom, burst from ev - ry chain, Shall have tri - umphant way. Then right shall o - ver might pre - vail, And
 2. { What voice shall bid the progress stay Of truth's vic - torious car?
 What arm ar - rest the grow - ing day, Or quench the so - lar star? What reck - less soul, tho' stout and strong, Shall
 3. { The hour of triumph comes a - pace, The fa - ted, promised hour,
 When earth up - on a ran -omed race Her bounteous gifts shall shower. Ring, Lib - er - ty, thy glorious bell! Bid

truth, like he - ro armed in mail, The hosts of ty-rant wrong as-sail, And hold e - ter-nal sway.
dare bring back the ancient wrong, Op-pression's guilt-y night pro-long, And freedom's morning bar?
high thy sa - cred ban-ner swell! Let trump on trump the triumph tell Of heaven's re-deeming power.

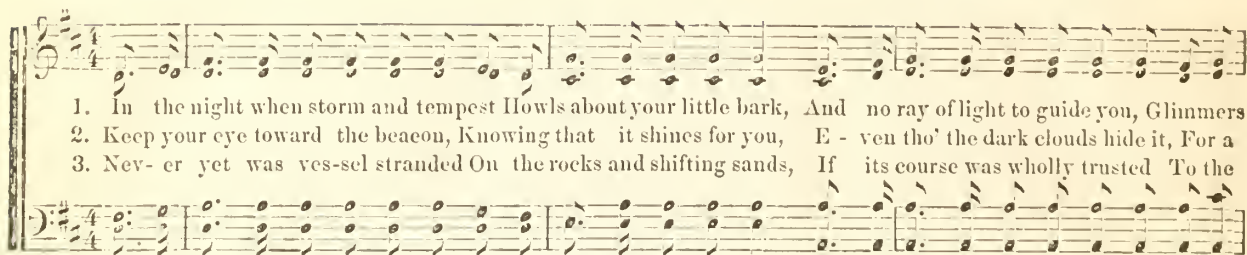
FEAR NOT.

KINGSLEY.

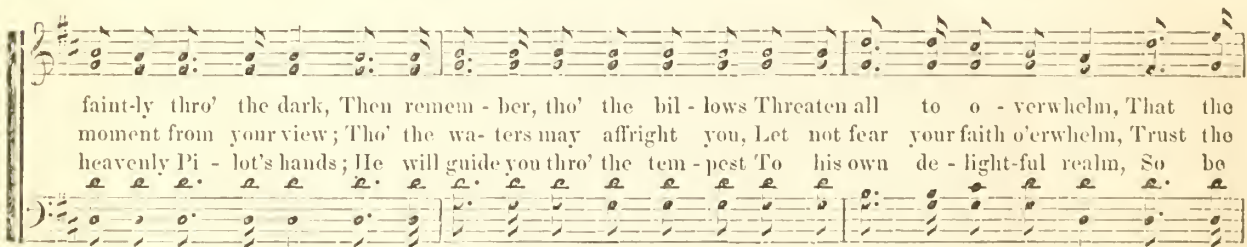
(Frederick.)

1. Approach not the al - tar With gloom in thy soul; Nor let thy feet fal - ter, From ter - ror's con-
2. His boun - ty is ten - der, His be - ing is love, His smile fills with splendor The blue arch - a-
3. Nor come to the tem - ple With pride in thy mien; But low - ly and sim - ple, In cour - age ec-

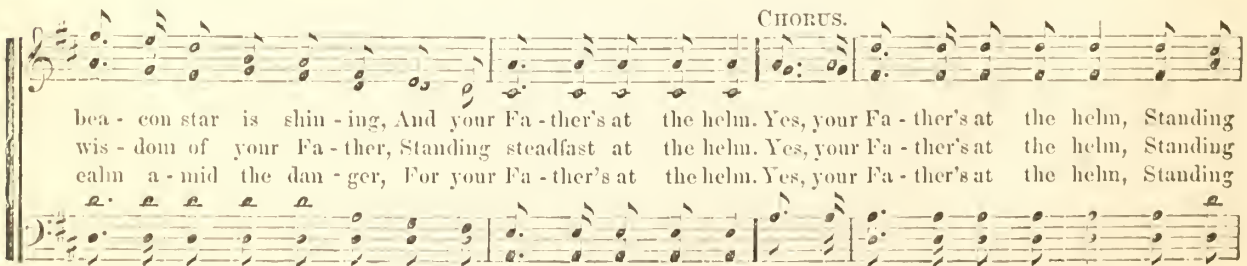
-trol! God loves not the sadness Of fear and mistrust; Oh serve him with gladness—The Gentle, the Just.
-bove. Con - fid - ing, be - liev - ing, Oh! en - ter al - ways, "His courts with thanksgiving—His portals with praise!"
-rene. Bring meekly, be - fore him, The faith of a child; Bow down and a - dore him, With heart un - de - filed.



1. In the night when storm and tempest Howls about your little bark, And no ray of light to guide you, Glimmers
 2. Keep your eye toward the beacon, Knowing that it shines for you, E - ven tho' the dark clouds hide it, For a
 3. Nev- er yet was ves-sel stranded On the rocks and shifting sands, If its course was wholly trusted To the



faint-ly thro' the dark, Then re-mem - ber, tho' the bil - lows Threaten all to o - verwhelm, That the
 moment from your view; Tho' the wa - ters may affright you, Let not fear your faith o'erwhelm, Trust the
 heavenly Pi - lot's hands; He will guide you thro' the tem - pest To his own de - light-ful realm, So be



CHORUS.
 bea - con star is shin - ing, And your Fa - ther's at the helm. Yes, your Fa - ther's at the helm, Standing
 wis - dom of your Fa - ther, Standing steadfast at the helm. Yes, your Fa - ther's at the helm, Standing
 calm a - mid the dan - ger, For your Fa - ther's at the helm. Yes, your Fa - ther's at the helm, Standing

firm - ly at the helm, And no storm shall o - ver-whelm you, While your Fa - ther's at the helm.

GOD IS LOVE.

SICILIAN.

(Sicily.)

1. God is love; his mer-cy brightens All the path in which we rove; Bliss he wakes and woe he lightens;
2. Chance and change are bu-sy ev-er; Man de-cays and a-ges move; But his mer-cy wan-eth nev-er;
3. He with earth-ly cares en-twin-eth Hope and com-fort from a-bove; Ev'-ry where his glo-ry shineth;

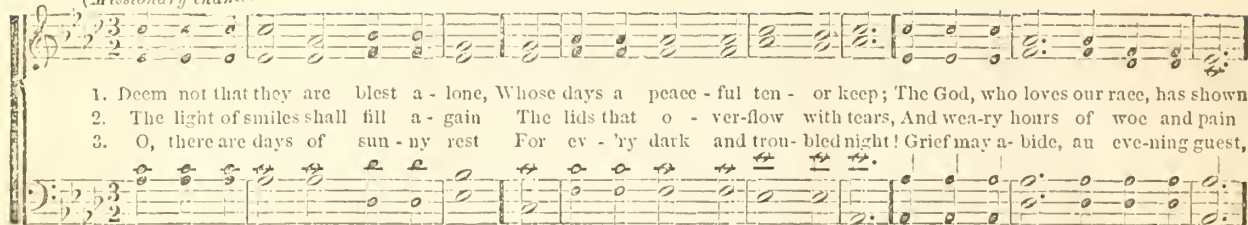
(Sicily.) ONE THERE IS.

(Sicily.) LOVE DIVINE.

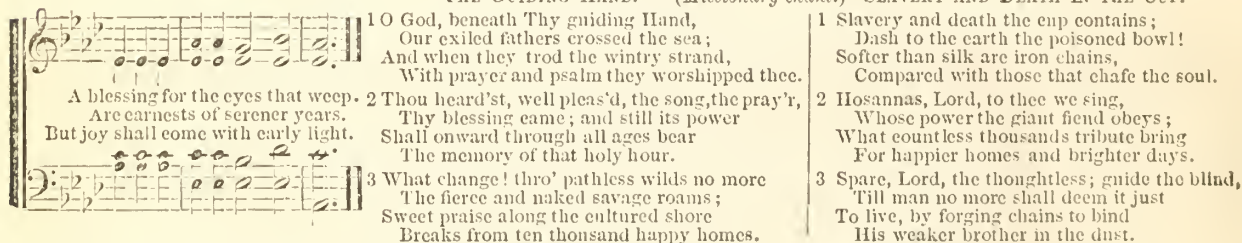
God is wisdom, God is love.

- 1 One there is above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend,
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end.
- 2 When he lived on earth abased,
Friend of sinners was His name;
Now, above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same.

- 1 Savior, Thou art all compassion;
Pure unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter ev'ry waiting heart.
- 2 Breathe, oh breathe thy loving Spirit,
Into every troubled breast,
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find thy promised rest.

(Missionary chant.)


1. Deem not that they are blest a-lone, Whose days a peace-ful ten-or keep; The God, who loves our race, has shown
 2. The light of smiles shall fill a-gain The lids that o-ver-flow with tears, And wea-ry hours of woe and pain
 3. O, there are days of sun-ny rest For ev-'ry dark and trou-bled night! Grief may a-bide, an eve-ning guest,

THE GUIDING HAND. *(Missionary chant.)* SLAVERY AND DEATH IN THE CUP.


1 O God, beneath Thy guiding Hand,
 Our exiled fathers crossed the sea;
 And when they trod the wintry strand,
 With prayer and psalm they worshipped thee.
 A blessing for the eyes that weep.
 Are earnest of serenest years.
 But joy shall come with early light.

2 Thou heard'st, well pleas'd, the song, the pray'r,
 Thy blessing came; and still its power
 Shall onward through all ages bear
 The memory of that holy hour.

3 What change! thro' pathless wilds no more
 The fierce and naked savage roams;
 Sweet praise along the cultured shore
 Breaks from ten thousand happy homes.

1 Slavery and death the cup contains;
 Dash to the earth the poisoned bowl!
 Softer than silk are iron chains,
 Compared with those that chafe the soul.

2 Hosannas, Lord, to thee we sing,
 Whose power the giant fiend obeys;
 What countless thousands tribute bring
 For happier homes and brighter days.

3 Spare, Lord, the thoughtless; guide the blind,
 Till man no more shall deem it just
 To live, by forging chains to bind
 His weaker brother in the dust.

America, p. 131. LOUD RAISE THE NOTES.

- 1 Loud raise the notes of joy;
 Freemen, your songs employ,
 As well ye may;—
 Let your full hearts go out
 In the exulting shout,
 And with your praise devout,
 Greet this glad day!
- 2 Children of lisping tongue,
 Those whose full hearts are young,
 Lift up the song!
 Manhood and hoary age,
 Let naught your joy assuage,
 In the high theme engage,
 Praises prolong!

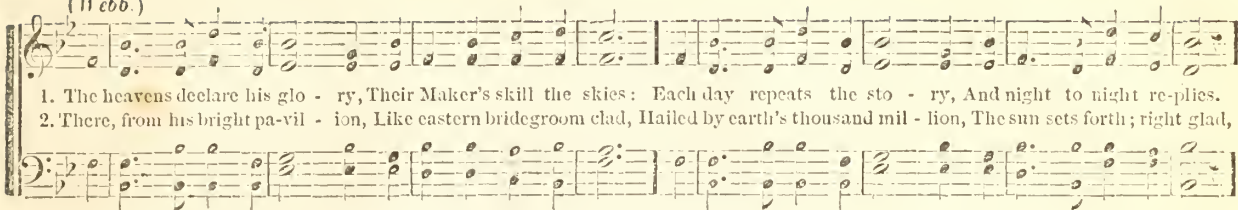
- 3 God of our fathers' land!
 Long may our temples stand
 Sacred to thee!
 Let thy bright light divine
 On all the people shine,
 Make us forever thine,
 From sin set free!

America, p. 131. ANNIVERSARY HYMN.

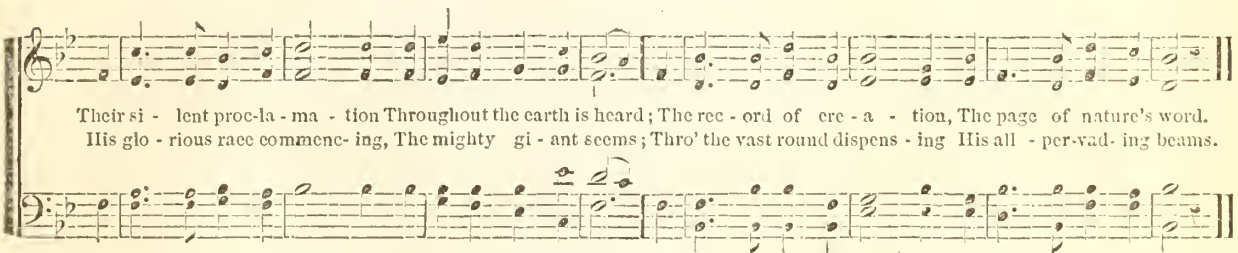
- 1 Auspicious morning, hail!
 Voices from hill and vale
 Thy welcome sing:
 Joy on thy dawning breaks,
 Each heart that joy partakes,
 While cheerful music wakes,
 Its praise to bring.

- 2 Long o'er our native hills,
 Long by our shaded hills,
 May freedom rest;
 Long may our shores have peace,
 Our flag grace every breeze,
 Our ships the distant seas,
 From east to west.
- 3 Peace on this day abide,
 From morn till even-tide;
 Wake timely song;
 Melodious accents raise;
 Let every heart, with praise,
 Bring high and grateful lays,
 Rich, full and strong.

(Webb.)



1. The heavens declare his glo - ry, Their Maker's skill the skies : Each day repeats the sto - ry, And night to night re-plies.
 2. There, from his bright pa-vil - ion, Like eastern bridegroom clad, Hailed by earth's thousand mil - lion, The sun sets forth ; right glad,



Their si - lent proc-la - ma - tion Throughout the earth is heard ; The rec - ord of cre - a - tion, The page of nature's word.
 His glo - rious race commenc - ing, The mighty gi - ant seems ; Thro' the vast round dispens - ing His all - per-vad - ing beams.

(Webb.) THE REIGN OF RIGHT.

1.

Hail to the King anointed, Great David's greater Son !
 Hail in the time appointed, His reign on earth begun !
 He comes to break oppression, To set the captive free ;
 To take away transgression, And rule in equity.

2.

He comes with succor speedy, To those who suffer wrong ;
 To help the poor and needy, And bid the weak be strong ;
 To give them songs for sighing, Their darkness turn to light,
 Whose souls in anguish dying Were precious in his sight.

(Webb.) TEMPERANCE HYMN.

1.

Now host with host assembling, The victory we win ;
 Lo ! on his throne sits trembling, That old and giant Sin,
 Like chaff by long winds scattered His banded strength has gone ;
 His charmed cup lies shattered, And still the cry is—"on."

2.

Our father's God, our Keeper, Be thou our strength divine,
 Thou sendest forth the reaper,—The harvest all is thine ;
 Roll on, roll on this gladness Till, driven from every shore,
 The drunkard's sin and madness Shall smite the earth no more.

Joyfully.

1. { We plow the fields, and seat - ter The good seed in the land,
But it is fed and wa - tered By God's al - migh - ty hand; He sends the snow in win - ter, The warmth to swell the grain,

2. { He on - ly is the Ma - ker Of all things near and far,
He paints the way - side flow - er, He lights the eve - ning star; The winds and waves o - bey Him, By Him the birds are fed,

The breez - es and the sun - shine, And soft re - fresh - ing rain.
Much more to us His chil - dren, He gives our dai - ly bread.

3 We thank Thee, then, O Father,
For all things bright and good;
The seed-time and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food.
No gifts have we to offer,
For all thy love imparts,
But that which thou desirest,
Our humble, thankful hearts.

IN UNION THERE IS STRENGTH. *For music see page 59.*

1 From the East unto the West
There is hope for the oppressed;
For 'tis Labor joining hands on the way.
If we struggle side by side,
We shall stem Oppression's tide;
For 'tis Strength, with Truth and Right that wins the day.
Cho.—Glory, Hallelujah! the Right is marching on.

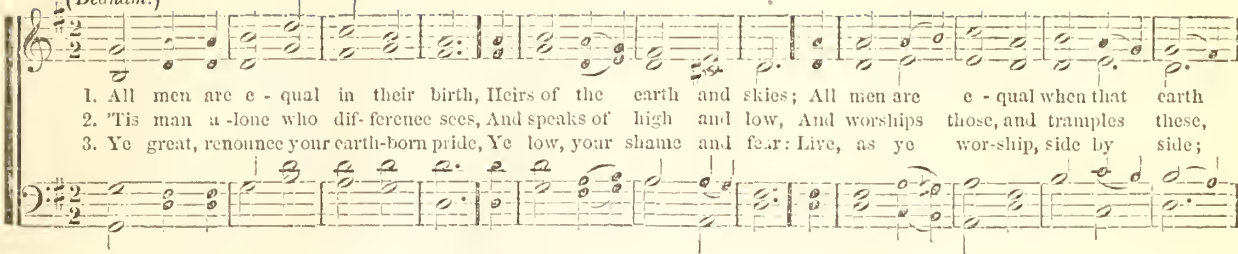
2 From the South unto the North,
Hands in greeting are stretched forth;
Let us meet them with a grasp as strong as true,
Let us welcome every friend,
For 'tis numbers, in the end,
That must conquer in the strife for them and you.
Cho.—Glory, &c.

3 Shall we eavil at a name,
When our purpose is the same?
Shall we measure worth by plane or plow or pen?
Let our platform be as broad
As the charities of God
And our motto—"Equal rights unto all men."
Cho.—Glory, &c.

4 Then, ye struggling hosts of toil,
Join the tillers of the soil,
And in Labor's cause and Liberty's, unite;
Let us prove this truth at length,
That in union there is strength,
And invincible, a Brotherhood of Right.
Cho.—Glory, &c.

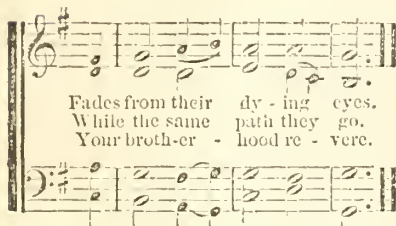
MRS. S. M. SMITH.

(Dedham.)



(Dedham.) LAW OF LOVE.

(Dedham.) PRAYER FOR OUR COUNTRY.



- 1 All nature feels attractive power,
 A strong, embracing force;
 The drops that sparkle in the shower,
 The planets in their course.
- 2 So in love's sympathetic chain
 All creatures bear a part;
 Their every pleasure, every pain,
 Linked to the feeling heart.
- 3 More perfect bond, the Christian plan
 Attaches soul to soul;
 Our neighbor is the suffering man.
 Though at the farthest pole.

- 1 Lord, while for all mankind we pray,
 Of every clime and coast,
 O, hear us for our native land,—
 The land we love the most.
- 2 O, guard our shores from every foe,
 With peace our borders bless,
 With prosperous times our cities crown,
 Our fields with plenteousness.
- 3 Unite us in the sacred love
 Of knowledge, truth, and thee;
 And let our hills and valleys shout
 The songs of liberty.

(Dedham.) GOD'S GLORIOUS WAY.

(Dedham.) AWAKE FROM THE DUST.

(Dedham.) OH YE BENEATH LIFE'S LOAD.

- 1 O God! our God! Thou shinest here,
 Thine own this latter day;
 To us thy radiant steps appear;
 Here beams thy glorious way.
- 2 Thou comest near; Thou standest by;
 Our work begins to shine;
 Thou dwellest with us mightily;
 Oh! speed the years divine!

- 1 Daughter of Zion, from the dust
 Exalt thy fallen head;
 Again in thy Redeemer trust,
 He calls thee from the dead.
- 2 Awake, awake, put on thy strength—
 Thy beauteous array,
 Thy day of Freedom dawns at length—
 The Lord's appointed day,

- 1 Oh ye beneath life's crushing load,
 Whose forms are bending low,
 Who toil along the climbing way
 With painful steps and slow;
- 2 Look up! for glad and golden hours
 Come swiftly on the wing,
 Oh rest beside the weary road,
 And hear the angels sing,

THE LORD IS OUR KING.

Musica, O. BLACKMAN.
From Graded Singers, No. 2.

Allegretto.

1. The Lord is our King, His praise we sing, Our offering of love Before him we bring.
 2. The Lord is our Friend, On him we depend, His aid in our need He kindly will lend.
 3. The Lord is our Light, By day and by night, Unchanging and true, Unclouded and bright.

His power and his mercy, Unbounded and free, Our theme of thanksgiving For-ever must be.

(Badea. p. 167.) SOW IN THE MORN.

- 1 Sow in the morn thy seed;
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed;
Broadcast it o'er the land;—
- 2 And duly shall appear
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.
- 3 Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

(Dedham. p. 161.) LET EVERY HEART.

- 1 Let every heart and voice accord,
In songs of loudest praise,
To bless thy name, Almighty Lord,
Whose bounty crowns our days.
- 2 The golden treasures autumn yields
Are tokens of thy grace;
In bending trees and waving fields
We see thy smiling face.
- 3 Oh, may thy love our hearts inspire,
Thy glorious name to praise,
With harp, and voice, and sounding lyre,
Our harvest anthems raise.

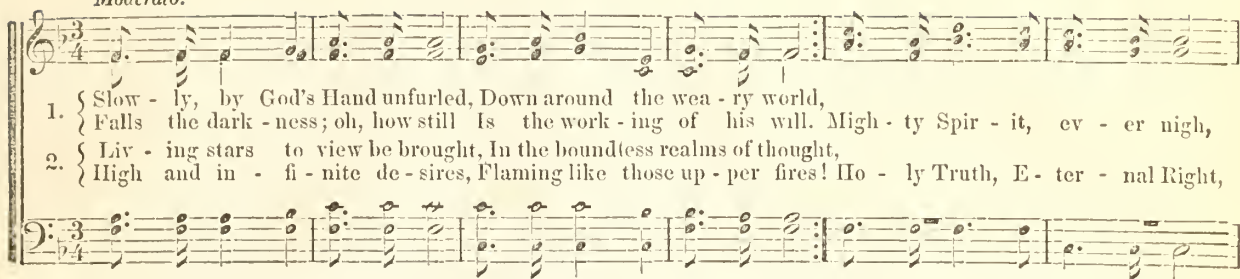
(Badea. p. 167.) I HEAR THE VOICE.

- 1 I hear the voice of woe!
I hear a brother's sigh!
Then let my heart with pity flow,
With tears of love, my eye,
- 2 I hear the thirsty cry!
The hungry beg for bread!
Then let my spring its stream supply,
My hand its bounty shed.
- 3 The debtor humbly sues,
Who would, but cannot pay;
And shall I lenity refuse,
Who need it every day?

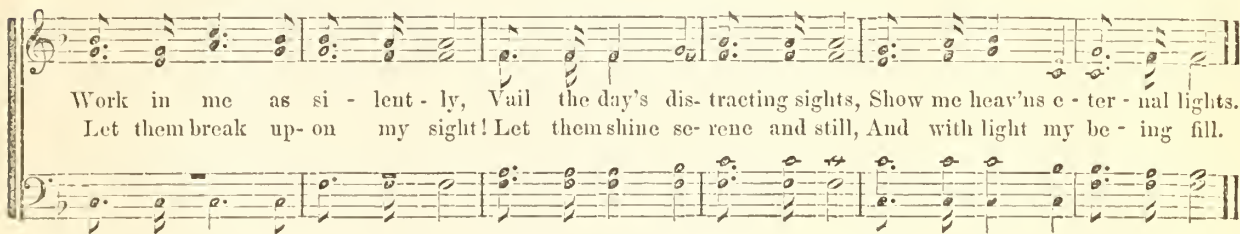
SLOWLY, BY GOD'S HAND.

Arr. by G. F. R. 163

Moderato.



1. { Slow - ly, by God's Hand unfurled, Down around the wea - ry world,
 { Falls the dark - ness; oh, how still Is the work - ing of his will. Migh - ty Spir - it, ev - er nigh,
 2. { Liv - ing stars to view be brought, In the boundless realms of thought,
 { High and in - fi - nite de - sires, Flaming like those up - per fires! Ho - ly Truth, E - ter - nal Right,



Work in me as si - lent - ly, Vail the day's dis - tracting sights, Show me heav'n's e - ter - nal lights.
 Let them break up - on my sight! Let them shine se - rene and still, And with light my be - ing fill.

Either of these hymns may go to the above tune.

HE SHALL BE LIKE A TREE.

1 Blessed state! and happy he
 Who is like that planted tree;
 Living waters lave his root,
 Bends his bough with golden fruit.
 When the seedling from its bed
 First lifts up its timid head,
 Ministry of Thine must give
 All on which its life can live.

2 Showers from Thee must bid it thrive,
 Breath of Thine must oft revive;
 Light from Thee its bloom supplies, —
 Left by Thee it fades and dies.
 Thine, O Lord! the power and praise
 Which a sight like this displays;
 Power of Thine must plant it there,
 Praise of Thee it should declare.

STAR OF TRUTH.

1 Sons of men, behold from far,
 Hail the long-expected star!
 Star of truth that gilds the night,
 Guiding 'wilder'd men aright;
 Mild it shines on all beneath,
 Piercing thro' the shades of death,
 Scattering error's wide-spread night,
 Kindling darkness into light.

FOR A SEASON CALLED TO PART.

German.

1. For a sea - son call'd to part, Let us now our - selves commend To the gra - cious eye and heart
 2. Fa - ther, hear our hum - ble pray'r, Ten - der Shep - herd of thy sheep, Let thy mer - cy and thy care
 3. In thy strength may we be strong, Sweeten ev - 'ry cross and pain; Give us, if we live, ere long

Of our ev - er - pres - ent Friend.
 All our souls in safe - ty keep.
 Here to meet in peace a - gain.

DEATH OF A BROTHER. (Nuremberg.)

- 1 Brother, though from yonder sky
Cometh neither voice nor cry,
Yet we know for thee to-day
Every pain hath passed away.
- 2 Well we know thy living faith
Had the power to conquer death;
As a living rose may bloom
By the border of the tomb.
- 3 Brother, in that solemn trust,
We commend thee, dust to dust;
In that faith we wait, till risen
Thou shalt meet us all in heaven.

PRAISE TO GOD. (Nuremberg.)

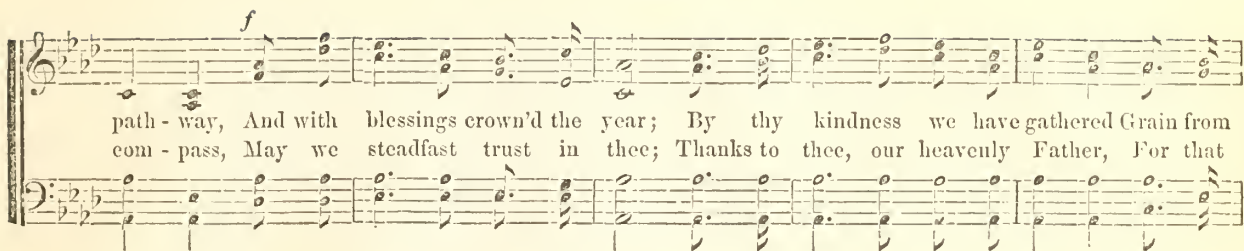
- | | | |
|---|--|--|
| 1 Praise to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days;
Bounteous source of every joy!
Let thy praise our tongues employ. | 2 All that Spring, with lavish hand,
Scatters o'er the smiling land,
All that lib'ral Autumn pours
From her rich, o'erflowing stores. | 3 Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain; —
Lord, for these our souls would raise
Grateful vows and thankful praise. |
|---|--|--|

(Autumn.)

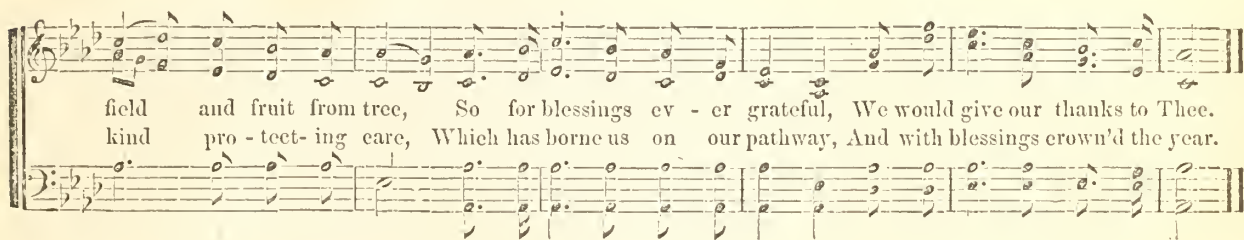
PARTING HYMN.

From "Silver Lute."

1. Thanks to thee, our heavenly Fa - ther, For that kind pro - tect - ing care, Which has borne us on our
 2. Ev - er in the fa - ture guide us, As we rove o'er life's dark sea, And when sorrow's clouds en -



path - way, And with blessings crown'd the year; By thy kindness we have gathered Grain from
com - pass, May we steadfast trust in thee; Thanks to thee, our heavenly Father, For that



field and fruit from tree, So for blessings ev - er grateful, We would give our thanks to Thee.
kind pro - tect - ing care, Which has borne us on our pathway, And with blessings crown'd the year.

(Autumn.) HE THAT GOETH FORTH.

- 1 He that goeth forth with weeping,
Bearing still the precious seed,
Never tiring, never sleeping,
Soon shall see his toil succeed:
Showers of rain will fall from heaven,
Then the cheering sun will shine,
So shall plenteous fruit be given,
Through an influence all divine.
- 2 Sow thy seed, be never weary,
Let not fear thy mind employ;
Though the prospect be most dreary,
Thou may'st reap the fruits of joy:
Lo! the scene of verdure bright'ning,
See the rising grain appear;
Look again! the fields are whiten'g,
Harvest-time is surely near.

(Autumn.) DEATH OF A SISTER.

- 1 Sister, thou wast mild and lovely,
Gentle as the summer breeze,
Pleasant as the air of evening,
When it floats among the trees.
Peaceful be thy silent slumber—
Peaceful in the grave so low:
Thou no more wilt join our number,
Thou no more our songs shalt know.
- 2 Dearest sister, thou hast left us;
Here thy loss we deeply feel,
But 'tis God that hath bereft us:
He can all our sorrows heal.
Yet again we hope to meet thee,
When the day of life is fled,
Then in heaven with joy to greet thee,
Where no farewell tear is shed.

(Autumn.) EVENING HYMN.

- 1 Savior, breathe an evening blessing
Ere repose our eyelids seal;
Sin and want we come confessing,
Thou canst save and thou canst heal;
Tho' destruction walk around us,
Tho' the arrows past us fly,
Angel guards from thee surround us,
We are safe if thou art nigh.
- 2 Tho' the night be dark and dreary
Darkness cannot hide from thee,
Thou art he who, never weary,
Watcheth where thy people be.
Should swift death this night o'ertake us
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in bright and deathless bloom.

Andantino.

1. Come, let us sing a pleas-ant song, As to our homes we go a - long; With cheerful tones and
 2. We'll seek in peace each qui - et home, For now the evening shades have come; With cheerful tones and
 3. Yes, friends, compan- ions, fare you well, A - gain our part - ing numbers swell; With cheerful tones and

*Refrain.**Repeat refrain pp.*

spir-its light, We'll sing a - gain our glad goodnight. Good night, good night, good night, good night.
 Good night, good night,

GOOD NIGHT AND SWEET REPOSE.

G. F. ROOT.
Words from Graded Singers, No. 2.*Gently.*

1. All good night! all good night! Now is la - bor end - ed quite, Now the day is soft - ly clos - ing,
 2. Sweet repose! sweet repose! Now all wea - ry eye - lids close, Si - lence reigns on field and mountain,
 yes,

Bu - sy hands from toil re-pos - ing Till new morning wakes in light, All good night, yes, all good night.
Soft - ly mur-mur brook and fountain, Peace o'er all things nightfall throws, Sweet repose, yes, sweet repose.

ONCE MORE, BEFORE WE PART.

GERMAN.

(Badea.)

1. Once more, be - fore we part, We bend the suppliant knee, And lift our souls in prayer and praise,
2. Where'er we trav - el, go; Where'er we rest, a - bid; Do thou our path on earth surround,

(Badea.) CLOSING HOUR.

(Badea.) OUR MINDS IN PEACE.

E - ternal God, to thee.
And all our footsteps guide.

- 1 Lord, at this closing hour,
Establish every heart
Upon thy word of truth and power,
To keep us when we part.
- 2 Peace to our brethren give,
Fill all our hearts with love;
In faith and patience may we live,
And seek our rest above.

- 1 Our minds in perfect peace
Our Father's care shall keep;
O we may yield to slumber now,
His eye can never sleep.
- 2 How blessed, Lord, are they
On thee securely stayed!
Nor shall they be in life alarmed,
Nor be in death dismayed.

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